Divine

M e l o d i e s

(English Translation of ‘Kirpal Vani - Poetry’)

Kirpal Singh

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DEDICATED
TO
THE GLORY OF GOD,
INSPIRER OF ALL THE
GREAT MASTERS,
AND TO
SANT KIRPAL SINGH JI MAHARAJ
with love, reverence and gratitude.

Publisher's Note

It stands mentioned in Hindi book 'Pita Poot' that Master Kirpal Singh wrote more than two thousand poems in remembrance, prayer and separation of His Master Baba Sawan Singh Ji. Due to ill luck, may be in accordance with the Divine will of Master, despite its earnest and deep search, Kirpal Ruhani Satsang Sabha (Bhabat), Chandigarh has been able to locate only 143 poems which were published under the title 'Kirpal Vani' in Hindi in May 2008 to which the Book in hand is the English translation. The poetry Book in Hindi was originally compiled and published by Kirpal Sandesh Society, Delhi which mentioned in the preface that they did not have the originals of poems with them and they had collected the poems from every possible source with very hard labour. As Sardar Harcharan Singh of Delhi the main person involved, has expired about 8-10 years ago, no futher enquiry about the sources those supplied poems to him, is possible. It seems that many of the poems might have been handed over by Mrs. Hardevi, a personal sewadar of the Master, popularly known as Tai Ji. We are, however, indebted to Kirpal Sandesh Society which might have strived hard to get hold of the scattered stock which could have been vanished with the passage of time. Lateron, Kirpal Sewashram, Indore reprinted these poems. It is due to the original efforts of Kirpal Sandesh Society, Delhi that a valuable treasure of Dinivity is going to be presented in English mostly for the benefit of foreigners. The original Book being in Hindi/Punjabi, the initiates/seekers outside India were unable to intensify in them the inspiration and longing for the Master and God which these poems have the capacity to do. Though, it is rightly said that only an Adept could correctly lay bare, interpret or translate the teachings of an Adept, yet with His Grace, time and again a prayer to the Master used to boil up in our minds to grant us the ability and strength to get these poems translated in English for the benefit of those not knowing Hindi. With the passage of time, our prayer seems to have been acceded to and with His Divine Grace, this Sabha is feeling grateful to the Master and His Sangat in bringing out the translation of the poems in English, more so in English poetry form with the constructive contribution of Mr. Santokh Singh Sehdev of Jalandhar, a veteran initiate of Baba Sawan Singh, who put a lot of time and effort, for which we are really very grateful to him. We are also grateful to Mr. Udo Becker, a Master's initiate, though being a German, helped a lot in Roman Hindi and Roman Punjabi presentation of the poems. In Hindi and Punjabi Roman, **á** has been used in

order to truly depict the sound of 'आ' as compared to 'अ'.

This book consists of two parts:-

Part-1 : contains poems in Hindi bearing Nos. H-1 to H-73; and

Part-II : contains poems in Punjabi bearing Nos. P-1 to P-70;

where 'H' stands for Hindi and 'P' for Punjabi. Seriatum has been retained similar to the basic Hindi book published by this Sabha in May, 2008.

Every poem has the effect and dye of the circumstances and environement under which it was written. Since the poems have been written only for depicting the inner state of affairs of a soul and engulfed by the divine love, the literal principles of poetry might have been overlooked. The minute details of internal state of affairs and self-realization are generally found mentioned in the literature of Saints.

In these poems Sant Kirpal Singh has, with great precesion and exactitude, dealt with all aspects of Sant-Mat or the Path of true Masters who came at different times and at different places to liberate the suffering humanity from the bondage of mind and illusion. Some poems depict a vivid picture of His intense longing for His own Master, Baba Sawan Singh, while others are replete and pregnant with Divine love, the real purpose of human life, self-realization and God-realization, way to lead a smooth life as initiate, pathetic and deplorable plight of those who fail to come to the lotus feet of true Master etc. These peoms are a treasure of divine knowledge and intoxication of spiritual rubies and pearls. It is hoped that the book will be advantageous to those who are keenly interested in the teachings of true Masters.

Kirpal Ruhani Satsang Sabha (Bhabat), Chandigarh feels that a translation, more so when it is the translation of books on spirituality, cannot be a hundred percent true one. However, as we were compelled to feel an utmost necessity of the time to present these poems in English, as such, this presentation with His Grace; for which all credit goes only to the Beloved Master. Though with His Grace, all efforts and sincere endeavours have been made to maintain and retain the real import of the original, however, Kirpal Ruhani Satsang Sabha does not hesitate to sincerely own the responsibility of any shortcomings that might have remained untouched in this translation and as such prays earnestly to the Beloved Master and the seekers to be pardoned.

21st August, 2010

Kirpal Ruhani Satsang Sabha (Bhabat)
Chandigarh

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BRIEF LIFE HISTORY OF

SANT KIRPAL SINGH

Kirpal Singh, the greatest modern Master, was born on 6th February, 1894 in Sayyad Kasran, Punjab (now in Pakistan). He studied the Science of Spirituality at the feet of Baba Sawan Singh from 1924 to 1948 and was entrusted by Baba Sawan Singh to carry on His work. For the next twenty-six years, Kirpal Singh taught Surat Shabd Yoga, the natural way to finding God, to innumerable disciples worldwide.

Kirpal Singh went on world tours thrice and remained elected President of the World Fellowship of Religions for fourteen years, and convened the gigantic World Conference on Unity of Man in February 1974, six months prior to his earthly departure. The Unity of Man conference was attended by religious, social and political leaders from all over the world and was a major step toward His vision for a peaceful society united by one God. His belief that ''as man we are one, as souls we are all one, and that Power we worship in one form or the other is the same referred to by so many different names", was the substance of the Conference. Kirpal Singh taught that Masters who came in the past spoke of the human form as the golden opportunity to solve the mystery of life, to know themselves and to know God. The essence of His teachings is that as conscious entities, we are drops of the Ocean of All Consciousness and as such, we are all brothers and sisters in God. His long life, imbued with love for God and humanity, brought peace and fulfillment not only to his disciples, but to all those who came in His contact. His life was the embodiment of His teachings.

Kirpal Singh left his physical form on August 21, 1974 in his eighty-first year -stepping out of his body in full consciousness. His life bears eloquent testimony that the age of the prophets is not over; that it always was and still is possible for human beings to find God and reflect His will.

PART-I

Hindi Poems
(in Roman Script)
with
English Translation

H-1

Agar yád áoon to ghabrá na jáná,
Ná mere liye koi ánsoo bahánа.
Mein khud ko yahin chhod kar já rahá hoon,
Mein kab tum se munh mod kar já rahá hoon.
Hai Kirpál meri muhabbat-mujassam,
Latáfat saranpá hai asmat mujassam.
Mujhe dhoondhná us ki soorat mein já kar,
Mujhe dekhná us ki moorat me jan kar.
Ke mein bhi usi husn ki roshni thá,
Bazáhir nahin thá, magar mein wahi thá.
Karo bhajan-simran tum á jáo antar,
Merá dhyán dhar ke tum áo nirantar.
Tum á ke mere báchcho mujh mein samá jáo,
Mein ráh tak rahá hoon, mere pás áo.

H-2

Apni duniyá ke liye 'gar tujh ko pá saktá hoon mein.
Zarrá zarrá rashk-e-sad jannat baná saktá hoon mein.
Teri shán-e-rango-o-boo ki barqrári ke liye,
Khwáh apni tamanná ko mitá saktá hoon mein.
Un ká vo iqrár-e-ulfat vo nigáh-e-mast-mast,
Dil se un purkaif lamhon ko kab bhulá saktá hoon mein.
Is khyál-e-pardádári hai anágar-e-zubán,
Varná har nukte se afsáná baná saktá hoon mein.
Bekhudi par ho jo teri nigáh-e-ulfat,
Dhajjiyan kar dáman-e-gul ki udá saktá hoon mein.
Muntzir hoon jalve khud majboor ho jayen tere,
Varná jab cháhoon nakáb rukh se uthá saktá hoon mein.
Gar ye hi hai josh-e-vahshat gar yahi jazbá-e-dil,
Tum ko bhi ik roz deeváná baná saktá hoon mein.

H-1

If My remembrance crops up, ye don't get upset over it.
And also ye should not shed tears for me on account of it.
Though physically leaving, yet am spiritually with Thee.
When am I going to leave turning my face from ye?
Kirpal is embodiment of my love and munificent.
He's through and through an image of respect.
In his resplendent form look for me.
In His beautiful image look at me.
Of that beauty of beauties, I was the light.
Though unmanifested, I was there with all my might.
Go within by doing intensive meditation.
Dive within by applying thyself to contemplation.
Come, my children and merge with Me.
Come to Me, I'm ever directing my eyes to thee.

H-2

If for my world, I can find Thee in all devices.
I can also make every particle better than hundreds of paradises.
For the maintenance of Thy glory and fragrance.
I can obliterate my desires with alliance.
What a lovely promise and how intoxicated eyes of His!
How can I forget those moments of ecstasy spent in company of His?
I'm committed not to divulge the secrets of the Beloved.
Otherwise I could compose beautiful novel of each His word.
If on the ignorant Ye cast a compassionate sight.
I can fly, having made flags of beautiful cloth, with might
I am waiting till Ye incline to reveal real self of Thee.
Otherwise the curtain hiding Thy face can be removed by me.
If this is the excitement and sentiment of insanity,
One day I can surely make insane of Thee.

Meri hálat dekh zálim O meri fitrat par ná já,
Intahá-e-dard mein bhi muskrá saktá hoon mein.
'Jamál' mujh se jab chhin jáye meri bahár-e-zindagi,
Lutf-e-hasti umar bhar tak kyá uthá saktá hoon mein.

H-3

Ánkh páti hai ziyá Sáwan tere deedár se,
Rooh páti hai fizá pyáre tere pyár se.
Yád áti hai teri Sáwan har shám-o-sahar,
Gairat-e-kudrat too hai rashk-e-shams-o-qamar.
Rahbar-e-ráh-e-niját hai too sab ke váste,
Prem ká somá hai too har dil ke váste.
Hai dawa-e-har ranj-o-alam updesh mere Sáwan ká,
Mast ho játe sabhi le le nám mere Sáwan ká.
Husn ká ik bahar-e-bepáyán mere satguru too hai,
Noor ká behta huá toofán mere satguru too hai
Too mujassam noor hai sáre jahán ke váste,
Too chirág-e-bazm hai kaun-o-makán ke váste.
Dil vahi jo ján behr-e-husn aur kán-e-Jamál,
Barq se bhi tez hai teri kubak raftár.

H-4

Ánkh mein yád basi un ki tamanná ban kar.
Ashq ban ban ke giri jab koi chárá na rahá.
Kis liye zeest ki khwáhish hai tumhen ai Jamál,
Rooh ko tan ná rahá tan ko sahárá ná rahá.
Jamál is jahán mein koi nahín kisi ká,
Dete hain sab dikhái apne begáne jam se.
Kaun áe is andheri rát mein tere sivá,
Mere gamkháne ko nooráni banáne ke liye.

O Tyrant! Look to my condition and not my nature,
I can laugh even in extreme misery and torture.
'Jamaal' when the joys of life are snatched of me ultimately,
How can I enjoy the bliss all through abundantly.

H-3

My eyes get light from Thy glimpse, O 'Sawan'.
My soul gets light from Thy love, O 'Sawan'.
Thy remembrance constantly viberates in me, O 'Sawan'.
Ye art the wonder of nature, the light of moon and sun, my Beloved.
Ye art the pointer to the way to liberation.
Ye art the source of love for all creation.
Thy teachings art the panacea for all ills, O Master.
All get intoxicated who meditate on Thy name, O Master.
Ye art an ocean of beauty, my Master.
Ye art a temple of radiance, my Master.
Ye art the embodiment of effulgence, O Master.
Ye art the light of the universe, O Master.
Thy heart is an ocean of beauty of mine.
And Thy pace is appreciably faster than pigeon.

H-4

In my eyes I've a strong desire to see Him,
When there was no help that longing turned into tears.
Why do ye long for life, O 'Jamaal'?
The soul is independent of body and body of without bears.
O 'Jamaal' In this mortal world none belongs to thee,
Like messengers of death art all kith and kin to me.
Who save Thee wilt come in such a pitch dark night,
To turn my house of misery into effulgent light.

Duniyá rahi duniyá hamen poochá na khudá ne.
Nazar mein un ká tasavvur hai vo hain námáloom.
Patá hi un ká hai máloom ór na já máloom.
Nigodi hichkiyan deti to hein payám un ká,
Magar vo láenge tashareef kab khudá máloom.
Khudá jáne samáe kis tarah hain meri ánkhon mein,
Ye ánsoo varná ik toofán barpá karne vále hein.
Dhool tak jis ki na ude vo namoodár hoon mein,
Jis ká chárá na ho duniyá mein vo láchár hoon mein.
Chain átá hi nahin dam bhar firák-e-yár mein,
Kab talak tadpá karoon mein yá Iláhi kyá karoon.

H-5

Á rahi hai yeh sadá kán mein viránon se.
Kal ki hai bát ke ábád the deevánon se.
Páon pakde na kahin koochá-e-jáná ki zamí,
Khák udátá main nikal jáoon biyábánon se.
Tinke chun já ke kahin koochá-e-jánán mein too,
Kyon uljhatá hai abas chák girebánon se.
Ankh uthá kar na kisi simt qafas mein dekhá,
Mausam-e-gul ki khabar sunte rahe kánon se.
Chalte-chalte to gul-e-shamá se mil len uth kar,
Hai sahar hone ko kah de koi parvánon se.

What to say of this world even God didn't care for me,
I ever contemplate on Him but quite indifferent is He.
I'm not certain of His exact address,
But the sighs I constantly heave convey me His message.
Only God knows when He will visit me,
It's known to God how hath He merged in me?
My tears will bring about a great tempest,
How these are resting in my eyes God knoweth.
It wilt not raise dust as I'm being thoroughly wet.
In the world I'm quite hapless and helpless,
I do not find succor and rest in the separation, O Beloved.
I'm at a loss to understand and how to remedy it, O Lord?

H-5

A sound reaches my ears from such a deserted place,
As I was populated yesterday in the company of God.
May I pass through the wilderness flying dust,
May my feet not get stuck to the lane of God?
Why do ye get entangled in vain in torn lappet?
Ye go and pick up blades of grass from the alley of God.
I didn't see, any thing in the cage, lifting my eyes,
However, I kept hearing the news of coming spring.
Let me get up and meet the lamp of flowers,
Someone may tell the moth that it is going to appear good morning.

H-6

Ik dardmand dil ki hálat tumhen batáyen,
Kyá cheez hai muhabbat áo tumhen sunáyen.
Afshán-e-ráz-e-ulfat tauhin-e-áshqi hai,
Mit jáen lab pe lekin kyon nám un ká layen.
Duniyá se kyá garz hai, duniyá se poochhná kyá,
Main tujh se poochhta hoon kyá cheez hain vafáyen.
Beemár ne ye kah kar furkat main ján de dee,
Ab kaun ráh dekhe veh áyen yá ná áyen.
Mujh ko jagáne vále ab khud bhi jágte hain,
Majboor dil ki áhen kháli gai ná jáyen.

H-7

Idhar dekhtá hoon, udhar dekhtá hoon,
Sáwan hi Sáwan hai, jidhar dekhtá hoon.
Jahán tak shams-o-qamar dekhtá hoon,
Vahin pe tujhe jalvágar dekhtá hoon.
Na murg-e-chaman guftgoo kar rahe hain,
Sáwan hi Sáwan too hi too kar rahe hain.

H-8

Itná ban ban ke meri ján jaláte kyon ho?
Jo tumhen bhátá nahin us ko buláte kyon ho?
Gar mere ghar ká ujálá tumhen manzoor nahin,
Mujh siyáh-bakht se fir ánkh miláte kyon ho?
Áye báleen pe meri náz se hans kar bole,
Ján se pyárá hoon to fir ján se játe kyon ho?
Ae mere ján-e-dil kabhi sochá hai yah bhi tumne,
Bár-bár á ke tasavvur mein saláte kyon ho?

H-6

Let me tell the deplorable condition of distressed mind to Thee.
What is true love? Come here and attentively listen from me.
To divulge the secret of love is to disrespect love.
The true lover may die but would not name to whom he loves.
I've no dealings with this word, so why put to it question.
I ask of Thee, what actually is true devotion?
The love stricken saying so shook his mortal body,
How to wait in the way, whether He'll come or not absolutely.
Those who used to wake me up also keep vigil the whole night,
The sighs of constrained heart never proved nor wilt prove futile.

H-7

Wherever I look I see nothing but Master 'Sawan'.
If I look at the Sun and the Moon I see manifestation of Master 'Sawan'.
When I hear the birds chirping, I hear nothing but the name of Master 'Sawan'.
I hear nothing but the melody and resonance of Master 'Sawan'.

H-8

Why do Ye burn my soul by acting and posing?
Why do Ye call him who is not of Thy liking?
If Ye disdain the light in the house of mine,
Then why do Ye let the eyes of this sinner meet eyes of Thine?
Ye came close to and talked to me smilingly,
If I'm Thy beloved, why do Ye treat me despicably?
O my Lord! Have Ye ever carefully thought?
Ye came into my memory and torture me for naught.

Hai sitam tum sadá rahte ho judá ham se,
Fir tum hi mujhe sab se zyádá bháte kyon ho?
Ik ghadi baitho zará dil ko lubháte jáo,
Neend ái hi nahín to fir neend ke máte kyon ho?
Ishq mein álas kuchh nám nahin hai pyáre,
Muft mein ján ko yah rog lagáte kyon ho?

H-9

Ishq ká poochho patá máhi se yá parváne se.
Kám hai jinhen tadafne se yá jal jáne se.
Ishq mein cheere gaye par uf tak ná ki,
Rutbá-e-ishq haqiqat hai us pe mit jáne se.
Jhoorná, jalná, tadapná ye jágir uski rahi,
Máshooq mein vo jee uthe prem badh jáne se.
Dar-b-dar firná bhathakná likhá gayá taqdeer mein,
Misál-e-majnoon garz hai ná kábá se ná butkháne se.
Ishq ke háthon biká Yusuf sar-e-bázár mein,
Garz hai áshiq ki máshooq ke bahláne se.
Khál Shams ki khainchi, Mansoor ko sooli diyá,
Kám kyá kyá ná lie Ishq ne deevánon se.
Nám zindá rahegá, 'Jamál' ká afsánon mein,
Ji gaye hein Jamál Sáwan mein mit jáne se

H-10

Ulfat mein kisi bát ki parváh ná karenge,
Ján apni fidá soorat-e-parváná karenge.
Jise bhi bayán ishq ká afsáná karenge,
Apni hi tarah us ko bhi deeváná karenge.
Ultá hi pad rahá hai duáon ká asar bhi,
Kyá chárá-e-dard-e-dil-e-deeváná karenge.

It's sheer tyranny that Ye remain away from me.
Even then Ye are held dearest and most liked by me.
Ye sit by me for a while and entice my mind.
If Ye do not feel sleepy, why do ye think of this kind?
O people! In love there is not luxury, no comfort,
Why do ye catch this disease for naught?

H-9

Ask of a fish or a moth, if ye want to know love,
It is their nature to writhe and burn in love.
In love many a lover were slain without hesitation,
The superiority of love lies in the reality of obliteration.
The asset of lover is pining, burning and lamentation,
Thy get vitality from the Beloved with love exaltation.
It is in my fate to roam about here and there,
Like Majnu lover has nothing to do with temple or mosque anywhere.
Yussof was sold out in the open market for the sake of love,
The aim of the lover is to amuse the Beloved from above.
Shamas was flayed, Mansur was hanged in love,
What wonders for the true lovers 've been worked by love!
The name of 'Jamaal' will be remembered for ever,
'Jamaal' hath enlivened by obliterating on'Sawan', the Beloved Master.

H-10

I'll not care for anything save love,
I'll sacrifice my life like a moth at the altar of love.
To whom shall I tell the tale of love,
He will also become intoxicated with the wine of love.
The blessings've left quite a reverse effect,
What is the remedy for this insane mind, in fact?

Kah do unhen khwábon mein ab áyá ná karen vo,
Is tarah se fir un ki tamanná na karenge.
Hán bág mein já kar teri ánkhon ki kasam ham,
Nargis ko muhabbat ká ishárá na karenge.
Rakhenge ise apne nihán kháná-e-dil mein,
Izhár-e-muhabbat kabhi afshán ná karenge.

H-11

Ae ánkho kyon nahin chor batáti.
Tum ho man mandir ke sipáhi, tum hi loot karáti.
Ankho ankho kyon nahin chor batáti.
Kis ko dekhá kahán lagin tum,
kyon na kaho kuchh sujháti.
Tum dekho aur lákh dikháve,
Man ki lági kahin tum bharmá ke sunáti.
Kahin tum bharmá ke vish ko pi kar pahle,
Ab ná hál pachhtáti.
Ánkho kis ko dekhá kahán lagin tum,
Kyon na kaho kuchh bháti.
Tum dekhan aur ham maut ko,
Sadá kaho akuláti.

H-12

Ae dard-e-dil kisi din, honá Judá ná ham se,
Ábád yah makán hai, tere hi dam-kadam se.
Ham gam-zadon ká roná, duniyá ki ik hansi hai,
Ai ashk-e-khoon sambhlná, girná na chashm-e-nam se.
Ae hasrato hato bhi, ho li mizájpurasi,
Ham hál-e-dil kahenge, fursat mili jo gam se.
Ae 'Jamál' is jahán mein, koi nahin kisi ká,
Dete hain ab dikhái, apne begáne jam se.

Tell Him not to appear in my dreams,
In future for this I'll never make appeals.
I'll go to the garden and take oath by eyes of Thee,
The flowers there wilt not be beckoned with love by me.
I'll keep Thy secrets in the chamber of my heart duly concealed,
As such I'll keep the feats of love always hidden and concealed.

H-11

O eyes! Why don't ye tell the whereabouts of the thief?
Ye art the guards of this body temple but thyself cooperate with the thief.
O Eyes! Why don't ye tell…
Whom did ye see and where is thy attention?
Why don't ye find out means to get out of this situation?
Ye see and make million others see.
It is all under the influence of mind what is told by thee.
Is it due to the strong poison gulped by ye?
And now ye repent thy action gravely.
O Eyes! What did ye see and thy attention was riveted where?
Why don't ye divulge the secret just now and here?
Ye see and I ever remain silent observer.
And whatever ye tell gives me much torture.

H-12

O pain of heart! Never part with me,
The hustle and bustle in this body is only due to the presence of Thee.
Sorrowful cries of mine are a laughing stock for the world,
Don't fall from the wet eyes, beware, O tears of blood.
O desires! Get thee away, ye've finished enquiry of my well-being,
I'll tell ye my tale when I'm free from awful lamenting.
O 'Jamaal'! None in this world belongs to thee.
All, whether mine or others, look like angels of death to me.

H-13

Ae bashar masjood-e-álam ján-e-álam too huá.
Haq mujassam, haq ki talaat, zát-e-haq aur haqnumá.
Mil ke ham jinn-o-mard sharan lene á gaye.
Too hai pyárá ham sabhi pyár lene á gaye.
Ashraf-ul-makhlook hai sári khalqat mein too sirf.
Akbar-ul-makhlook hai akmal-ul-makhlook hai.
Tujh se behtar is jahán mein kaun hai, koi nahin.
Tujh se badh kar do Jahán mein kaun hai, koi nahin.
Sajdágáh-e-do-jahán hai sab ká too masjood hai.
Ádmi par too to maláyak ká maksad-o-maksood hai.
Álam-e-kubrá mein jo jo khoobi rahti hai nihán.
Ai bashar vo zát mein teri srásar hai ayán.
Kahne ko to álam-e-sugrá kahá játá hai too.
Álam-e-kubrá ke hain sab zát mein teri asar.
Tujh ko dekhá hai jisne, usne dekhi haq ki zát.
Jitne ausáf-e-Khudá hain teri samjho sifát.

H-14

O Rám nám válo, sun lo kathá hamári
Ham bhi usi piyá ki, soorat ke hain pujári.
Bairág le ke us ká, geet us ke gá rahe hain,
Chhodá hai desh sárá, pritam ke hein bhikhári.
Man ki baná ke toombi, geet us ke gá rahe hain,
Rahte jo dilon mein sab ke, us ko maná rahe hain.

H-13

O Man Divine! Ye've become honoured and life support of this world.
Ye art form and glimpse of truth, the clane of truth and indicator of Divine word.
We human beings and jinns 've come to take refuge with Thee.
Ye art the Beloved of all creatures, so we've come to have love of Ye.
Ye art the crown of life in all spheres and regions.
Ye art the greatest of the great and image of perfection in visions.
In this world who is superior to Thee? No one.
Who is greater than Thee in both the worlds? None.
Ye art the Holy chamber for worship in both the worlds.
What to say of creatures of this world, Ye art the ultimate goal even of gods.
The loftiest greatness which remains hidden in this world.
O Man! That greatness in abundance is in Thee revealed.
No doubt, Ye are known as a tiny speck in this mortal world.
But all qualities are within Thee which are found in Divine Word.
Whosoever hath seen Thee, hath seen the Divine Effulgence
All characteristics of God are found in Thy Divine Radiance.

H-14

Listen to my tale, O devotees of God.
I am also the worshipper of the same Lord.
I am singing His songs after renouncing this word.
I've renounced everything to be beggars of the Beloved.
I am signing His songs making the instrument of my mind.
I'm appeasing Him who dwells in hearts of all kind.

H-15

Kamál-e-zát kamál-e-sifát hai kis já.
Insán-e-kámil mein hue ye sab yak já.
Khudá ko dekhná cháho to us ko tum dekho.
Usi ki bát kaho aur usi ki bát suno.
Us ke dil mein gaur se dekhá to thehrá hai khudá.
Dekhná ho khudá ko tum bashar ko dekh lo.

H-16

Kyon itni bulandi pe, kásháná banáte ho.
Ham se garibon ko, kyon khák miláte ho.
Kyon khák nasheenon ko, deeváná banáte ho.
Sau roop mein áte ho, sau rang dikháte ho.
Tum mere hi seene pe, butkháná banáte ho.
Yád áte ho kyon aksar, ráton ki khámóshi mein.
Ráh-e-haq mein meri ulfat ko, afsáná banáte ho.
Jab din mein tahlate ho, dariyá ke kináron par.
Joban bhari kirnon se, deeváná banáte ho.

H-17

Kasam us begunáhi ki, jo rusvái ká báis ho.
Kasam us ranj ki, jo khoon ke ánsoo rulátá ho.
Kasam us reham ki, jo bekason par á hi játá hai.
Kasam us teer ki, jo dil mein chubh kar toot játá hai.
Kasam us dard ki, jo fáká masti mein satátá hai.
Kasam us husn ki, jo noor ke sánche mein dhaltá hai.
Kasam un adáon ki, jo mujhe deeváná banáti hain.
Kasam un nazar válon ki, jinse mujh ko hosh áti hai.

H-15

The human body wherein blend all wonderful qualities,
He is like perfection and omniscience of great personalities.
See Him if ye want to get a glimpse of God,
Listen to Him and praise that very Lord.
I observed His heart and found God localized there,
If ye want to see the Lord, go, such a perfect man is, where.

H-16

Why do Ye build Thy house on such a great height?
Why do Ye mingle me, the poor in dust, O of great might?
Why do Ye turn the ones residing on this earth into insane?
Ye appears in different colours and show various shades in vein.
Ye build a wonderful temple on my chest.
Why do Ye appear in my remembrance when night takes rest?
Ye've made my love a novel in the path of love,
When Ye take a walk on the banks of river from above.
Ye turn my wisdom into insanity,
With Thy rays of vitality.

H-17

I take oath by that innocence which is the cause of bad reputation.
Also I take oath by that which makes me shed tears of blood and frustration.
I take oath by that mercy which is bestowed upon the miserable.
Also I take oath by that arrow which runs into the heart but is breakable.
I take oath by that pain which makes me miserable in penance.
Also I take oath by that beauty which accepts the mould of effulgence.
I take oath by those coquetries which make me complete insane.
Also I take oath by those with sight who make me shrewd and sane.

H-18

Kahoon kis se nahin suntá hai, koi dástán meri,
Na sunti hai zamin meri, na suntá ásmán meri.
Hui dushman khudáee kul, huá dushman zamáná hai,
Meri nazron mein duniyá ká chaman ye ik viráná hai.
Koi jinn koi vahshi koi manhoos kahtá hai,
Meri soorat se har chhotá badá bezár rahtá hai.
Ná is já par ná us já gam galat koi bhi kartá hai,
Mere sáe talak se ab to har koi dartá hai.
Main jáoon bhi kahán yá rabb ná jáne ko hai já koi,
Pilá de maut ká sharbat, ná jeene ki hai cháh koi.
Merá jeewan zamáne ko, nazar ik khár átá hai,
Mujhe duniyá ká kháne ko, dar-o-deevár átá hai.
Sunáyen dástán-e-dard-e-dil ab kis ko ham já kar,
Ná suntá hai koi gam ki kaháni pás bithlá kar.

H-19

Kahe koi jis ne ladáee hain ánkhen,
Vahi á rahe hain, vahi á rahe hain.
Jinhen dekhne ko bhar áee hain ánkhen,
Vahi á rahe hain, vahi á rahe hain.
Khadktá hai pattá jo koi pavan se,
To ováz áti hai yah mere man se.
Ke ráste mein jinke bichháee hain ánkhen,
Vahi á rahe hain, vahi á rahe hain.
Ye áhat hai beshak unhin ke qadam ki,
Vahi á rahe hain, vahi á rahe hain.
Main ab keh sakoongi ke páee hain ánkhen,
Vahi á rahe hain, vahi á rahe hain.

H-18

To whom should I tell, none listens to my woeful tale?
Neither does listen the Earth nor the Sky, I tell in vain.
Everyone, nay the whole world hath turned against me.
The garden of this world hath turned into wilderness for me.
Some call me giant, some insane and others ill omened,
Looking at me everyone, whether rich or poor feels displeased.
Neither here nor there do miseries hesitate to dog me.
Everyone—this or that--dreads even the shadow cast by me.
Where to go and escape, I know not, O merciful God.
Administer syrup of death to me, I've lost all hope, O Lord.
My life looks lie a thorn to this world, indeed.
All things of this world'll pounce upon me in word and deed.
To whom should I tell the pathetic condition of my heart?
Nobody seats me to listen the woes which me distress and hurt.

H-19

May anybody tell with whose eyes, my eyes met, He is coming, He is coming.
My eyes well up to see Him, He is coming, He is coming.
When a leaf of tree rustles in mind,
A voice comes out of my mind,
He is coming, He is coming…
To whom I wait for night and day,
He is coming, He is coming…
No doubt, this is the sound of His footsteps.
He is coming, He is coming…
Now I'll say that I've got self luminous eyes.
He is coming, He is coming…

H-20

Kahne deti nahin kuchh munh se muhabbat teri,
Lab pe rah játi hai á-á ke shikáyat teri.
Ab terá ae dil-e-betáb khudá háfiz,
Kar chuke ham to muhabbat main ibádat teri.
Dekhie kahtá hai ab kisse zamáná kyá-kyá,
Tujh ko hai cháh meri mujh ko hai cháhat teri.
Yád sab kuchh hai mujhe hijr ke sadme par bhi,
Bhool játá hoon magar dekh ke soorat teri.
Adam ábád ko játe hain sabhi kháli háth,
Mujh ko hai náz ke le jáoongá hasrat teri.

H-21

Kábá ho yá kalisá, mandir ho yá ho girjá,
Jis já pe tujh ko dekhá, us já pe too hi too hai.
Hindu bhi tere bande, momin bhi tere bande,
Imán ki jo poochhe, imán sab ká too hai.
Ae dard-e-dil kisi din, honá judá ná ham se,
Ábád yah makán hai, tere hi dam-qadam se.
Ae sháh-e-husne-e-khubán, deedár gar ná doge,
Ban kar faqir tere, dar par sadá karenge.
Jahán mein dekhne mein, seedhe-sáde bhole-bhále ho,
Gazab ke ho, gazab karte ho, gazab vále ho.
Nazárat-e-kábe bhi ham gaye, ná gayá buton ká ishq,
Iláhi kaise batláoon, ke kaise husn vále ho.

H-20

I'm so intoxicated in Thy love that my tongue is tied.
I want to complain against Thee but my lips art stitched.
My heart is distressed, is known only to God.
In love I've done nothing but devotion to the Lord.
Behold what kind of stories hath this world to tell?
Ye long for me and I pine for Thee at will.
Although I'm shocked at separation, yet I remember everything.
But when I look at Thy refulgent face I recall nothing.
All leave this world for the next taking with them naught,
But I feel proud that I'll take Thy cravings ever hot.

H-21

Whether it is mosque, church or temple,
Wherever I look, I look at Thee.
Both the Mohamedens and Hindus are Thine,
If any one enquires of any religion, it is Thee.
O pain of heart! never part with me,
This body'll bustle as long as Ye're with me.
O Beautiful Lord! If Ye do not grant Thy glimpse to me,
I'll turn into a mendicant and beg at the door of Thee.
In Thy physical form, Ye look to be innocent,
But Ye art wonderful, disastrous, what to say of Thee.
I went to have a look at Kaaba but the love of idols did not leave me,
O God! How can I express and explain beauty of Thee!

H-22

Khák dálo mere shikvon pe ná jáo Sáwan.
Neechi nazren ná karo ankh utháo Sáwan.
Bád marne ke mere shok se hásil kyá hai,
Chup ná ho, gam ná karo, jee ná kudháo Sáwan.
Fir kabhi án milenge, ye bjá hai lekin,
Koi soorat bhi to jeene ki batáo Sáwan.
Tum jo á jáo meri takdir ká shikvá ná rahe,
Meri soee huee qismat ko jagáo Sáwan.
Zabt se ráz-e-muhabbat ná chhupegá ae 'Jamál',
Dabdabaee hui ánkhen ná chhupáo Sáwan.

H-23

Guzrati hai jo dil par, mubtilá ki mubtilá jáne.
Jo ho bedard, vo dard-e-dil-e-betáb kyá jáne.
Mukám shukr ká hai, ye museebaten duniyá.
Isi baháne se vo pyárá yád átá hai.
Dhool tak ná ude vo námurád hoon main.
Jis ká chárá ná ho duniyá mein, vo láchár hoon main.
Jalná ho ik dam ká, to main sabr bhi karoon.
Áthon pehar sulgatá hai yah dil, kyá karoon.

H-24

Chamaktá noor ká sooraj hai sáyá lamayazáli ká,
Rakháyá nám us ne apná Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Rahe hai misl-e-majnoon vo sadá hi mast-o-deeváná,
Munavvar noor dekhá jis ne Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Hai zikr har ik zubán upar sift hai har makán andar,

H-22

Forget my trespasses and lapses, O 'Sawan'.
Pray, don't lower Thine eyes, raise them up O 'Sawan',
What'll be gained by moaning after my death?
Do not keep silence, do not lament and irritate, O 'Sawan'
It's quite apt that we'll meet again one day,
But tell me the valid mode how could I survive, O 'Sawan'.
I'll have no grievance, if Ye come to me,
And awaken my latent fate, O 'Sawan'.
O 'Jamaal'! The secret of love can't be cancealed by tolerating,
Do not hide Thine tearful eyes now, O 'Sawan'.

H-23

What dilemma a heart is bearing is known to unconcerned one.
The pain borne by lamenting heart is unknown to indifferent one.
This miserable world is a place to say "Thy will is sweet O God".
On this very account people remember their Beloved Lord.
I'm quite insignificant and unfortunate one.
In this world there is no remedy for this hapless one.
If this burning is for a short while, I could 've patience.
But my heart is ever ablaze, how can I keep silence.

H-24

He is the sun of radiance and reflection of God,
He was called by the name of Master 'Sawan'.
He hath become intoxicated and insane like Majnu,
Who hath seen the effulgent light of Master 'Sawan'.
Every tongue describes Him and every place sings His glory,

Harek já par huá gogá hai Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Misál-e-chumbak patthar kashish hai us ki ulfat mein,
Táasur hai ajab kuchh aisá Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Ajab hai soorat-e-jánán liyá hai loot dil merá,
Ajab rukhsár-e-máh-e-anvar Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Tasvvur pyáre satgur ká sdá dil mein rahe bastá,
Karoon main virad hardam apne Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Damádam yád áti hai vo mahavash soorat-e-jánán,
Tasavvur fir rahá hardam hai Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Talab ho jis ko maulá ki vo jáe bár-e-anvar mein,
Basá le ishq apne dil mein Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Sarápá ilm, sartápá khoobi, shirin zabán aisá,
Jahan andar na sáni koi Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Ná dekhá ná suná koi jahán mein us ká hai sáni,
Mujhe to nám ik pyárá hai Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Tujhe jo dekh letá hai fire vo mast-o-deeváná,
Damádam nám ratatá hai vo Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Sahárá do jahánon ká rafiq-e-javidáni hai,
Hai sab par yaksán lutf-e-álá Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Lab-e-dariyá par rahtá hai merá dildár jáni hai,
Labon par hukm afzal mere Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Zamin-o-ásman par sab tujhe hi yád karte hein,
Ajab deedár hai deedár Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Nahin khwáhish hai jannat ki ná hai parváh hooron ki,
Mujhe káfi dar-e-rehmat hai Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Chalo logo ke jin ko maulá se milne ki khwáhish hai,
Ke dariyá faiz ká jári hai Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Ná Hindu, Muslim, Isai, ná Sikh ká hai savál us já,
Sabhi par hai karam ik jaisá Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
Karoon kyá sift murshid ki nahin hoti bayan mujh se,
Ajab hai roo-e-puranvar Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.
'Jamál' too murshid-e-Sáwan ki hardam reh gulámi mein,
Hameshá dar ko pakde rakh too Sáwan Sháh murshid ká.

Everywhere people praise the greatness of Master 'Sawan'.
His love hath attraction like that of a powerful magnet,
Such is the influence and effect of Master 'Sawan'.
His form is such that He hath fascinated my heart,
How peerlessly beautiful is the countenance of Master' Sawan'.
O God! let his form always remain in my heart,
And I ever sing hymes of praise of Master 'Sawan'.
At every moment I remember His attractive form,
And I ever contemplate on the form of Master 'Sawan'.
Whosoever wishes to meet God, should go to His radiant house,
And he should imbibe in his heart the love of Master 'Sawan'.
He is treasure of knowledge and merits and His words are honeyous,
In this world He is peerless and none equals Master 'Sawan'.
Neither've I seen nor heard anyone of His status,
I find only one lovely name and that is of Master 'Sawan'.
Whosoever sees Ye, he wonders like a mad man,
At every moment he repeats the name of Master 'Sawan'.
He is the support and prop of both the worlds also ever friendly,
Mercy is showered equally on all by Master 'Sawan'.
My Beloved Master lives on the banks of river Beas,
On my tongue remains the great name of Master 'Sawan'.
On the earth and the sky everyone remembers Him,
What a wonderful glimpse is of Beloved Master 'Sawan'.
I care neither for paradise nor for fairies and nymphs,
Enough for me is the merciful door of Master 'Sawan'.
People! Whoever is desirous of getting glimpse of God,
The river of philanthrop is running of Master 'Sawan'.
At His door there is no question of Hindu, Muslim, Christian and Sikh,
The rain of grace is equally showered on all by Master 'Sawan'.
How can I praise my Master, He is quite inexpressible,
What wonderfully radiant is the face of Master 'Sawan'.
'Jamaal' ye ever remain under the slavery of Master 'Sawan'.
And ever keep clinging to the door of Master 'Sawan'.

H-25

Chaman vále abhi vákif nahin hain áh-e-bismil se,
Jalá kar khák kar degi agar nikli kahin dil se.
Dam-e-ákhir ná dekhi jáegi bimár ki hálat,
Vo hat jáyen to achhá hai, ke dam niklegá mushkil se.
Batá de ham ko too is safar ká hashr kyá hogá,
Ná main váqif hoon raste se, ná main váqif hoon manzil se.
Talásh-e-náv ke-bedád aur dushman ká dil tobá,
Idhar á dekh le liptá kahin hogá mere dil se.
Ná kar ae 'Jamál' too kuchh fikr ye dariyá-e-rehmat hai,
Yahán tooti huee kishti bhi lag játi hai sáhil se.

H-26

Chhupáne se nahin chhupti, yah áfat á hi játi hai.
Ye káfir-o-qayámat hai, aksar á hi játi hai.
Muhabbat kyá qayámat hai, ajal mein rang láti hai.
Dil de diyá hai un ko, dekhen vo kyá karenge?
Rakhte hain dil ko dil mein, yá ke judá karenge.
Ae shamá itni too sifárish kar, ke rukh idhar bhi kiyá kare koee.
Dard ho to davá kare koi, dil ke lagáne ká kyá kare koee?

H-27

Zafá ná karná, dagá ná karná,
Hamáre dil ká khayál karná.
Hamen samjhaná ná tum begáná,
Ná bhool jáná pyár karná.
Tumne yah dil kiyá hai bismil,

H-25

Those who art in affluence don't know the sobs of the wounded,
The sighs springing out of their hearts are bound to bore the world.
Ye can't bear to see the condition of afflicted,
At the time they breathe their last.
It'll be in the fitness of things and pertinent,
That by them that place is at once left.
Pray tell me what will be the consequence of this Journey?
Neither is the way leading to nor the destination known to me.
I'm miserably lamenting at heart, pray, come to me and see.
I'm in quest for a boat at once, but injustice and enemy stare at me.
O 'Jamaal'! Don't worry, the Master is an ocean of compassion,
By His grace even a broken boat finds its destination.

H-26

It can't be concealed when comes this calamity.
It is a sort of doom that does come ultimately.
What a great misery love is! It shows its feats at last.
Neither can we leave it nor cling to it very fast.
I've surrendered my heart to Him, let Him treat as He likes
He may keep it in His own heart or throw it away as He desires.
O intense longing! ye recommend my case, That He turns His face to me.
Physical pain is remedied, but for the anguished heart there's no remedy.

H-27

Do not inflict atrocity and deception,
But take proper care of my mind.
Please do not treat me as stranger,
Be compassionate and kind.

Tum hi karo hal hamári mushkil.
Tum masihá ban kar lagáná marham,
Iláj karná sambhál karná.
Are O bholi si shakal vále,
Hamen vo bholá sá mukh dikháná.
Hamére dil ki lagi bujháná,
O jáne vále hamárá bhi kuchh khayál karná.

H-28

'Jamál' is jahán mein koi nahin kisi ká,
Dete hain sab dikháee apne begáne jam se.
Kaun áe is andheri rát mein tere sivá,
Mere gamkháne ko nooráni banáne ke lie.
Dillagi kuchh aur hai dil ká lagáná aur hai,
Kaul dená aur hai báten banáná aur hai.
Hamne parváne ki sun li shamá ko dil to diyá,
Ji ká jláná aur samjhaná bujhaná aur hai.
Arz kyá poori na hogi manzil ab tak door hai.
Kyá vo zamáná aur thá aur ye zamáná aur hai.

H-29

Jalá kar rákh kar dálá hai beparváhi ne us ki.
Magar is rákh mein pinhán hai ulfat ke sharár ab bhi.
Takázá deed ká ho gar dil-e-betáb ko pyáre.
Nigáh-e-shauq kar sakti hai pardá tár-tár ab bhi.
Khwáhish pari ki hai ná tamanná hai hoor ki.
Ankhon mein meri bas rahi soorat hazoor ki.
Dilá ye maktab-e-ulfat hai dekh chup rahná.
Badá gunáh yahan hai 'alif' se 'be' kahná.
Jamál rehne ko duniyá mein mukám-e-áshiqán.
Koochá-e-yár mein ik goshá-e-tanháee hai.

It is for Thee to help me out of this difficulty,
Because Ye've gravely wounded this mind.
Pray, apply ointment to my wounds,
Take care and protect me being kind.
O of innocent form, show me Thy innocent face,
My heart is burning, take its care, O traveller in race.

H-28

O 'Jamaal'! In this world none belongs to me.
All mine or others look like messengers of death to me.
Who save Thee will come to me in the dark night,
To make my miserable house bright with light.
Mockery and true love art poles asunder,
Fulfilling promise and long talks art different in nature.
Behold! The moth sacrifices itself over fire,
If one says one thing and does another, he is a liar.
Will Ye not accede to my beseech and take to the highest, O God?
Is the present quite different from the past, O Lord?

H-29

His indifference hath burnt me to ashes,
But the ashes still 've hidden sparks of love.
My helpless heart wishes to get His glimpse,
The writhing sight can still tear the veil hanging above.
Neither do I want fairies nor nymphs,
In my eyes there is but form of the Beloved.
In the school of love learn to keep silence,
It is a heinous crime to say anything else except the Lord.
If ye want to live in this world, live in the house of Beloved,
In the lane of Beloved peace and solitude reign supreme.

Chhupáne se nahin chhuptá hai pyáre nashá-e-ulfat,
Zaroor ánkhon mein us ki kuchh vo rangat á hi játi hai.
Idhar gharbár ká khatká udhar áváz-e-roohání.
Kidhar jáoon karoon main kyá padi do pahloo mushkil hai.

H-30

Jaisi thi pák pahle, hoon vaisi pák ab bhi.
Nishpáp hai nigáh bhi, dil bhi mizáj bhi.
Káyam hai jyon ki tyon meri asmat bhi láj bhi.
Imán barqrár hai, rasm-o-riváj bhi.
Neki badi ko shám-o-sehar dekhtá hai vo.
Dekhe ná dekhe koi magar dekhtá hai vo.
Táhnon se mujh ko yoon ná zalil-o-haqir kar.
Dil ká too hál dekh kaleje ko cheer kar.

H-31

Zindagi ab ho gai báregarán tere bagair.
Áj nákárá hain yeh rooh-o-ján tere bagair.
Ápki nazron ke firte hi khudáee fir gai.
Meharbán bhi ho gaye ná-meharbán tere bagair.
Dekh is manzil pe lá ke mujh ko ab tanhá ná chhod,
Umr sári jáyegi yah ráygán tere bagair.
Ek muddat se hai beraunak meri duniyá-e-dil,
Pahle si jazbát mein shokhi kahán tere bagair.
Ráz-e-ulfat fásh ho jáye ná yoon dekh ab kahin,
Varná thi máloom kis ko dástán tere bagair.
Shiddatt-e-gam se huá hai merá seená chák-chák,
Kyá kahoon jab ke ijázat hi nahin fariyád ki.

Ye cannot hide the intoxication of love if ye try thy best ,
Even then it freely flows from the eyes like a stream.
On one hand I care for hearth and home,
And on the other there is voice of God.
It is difficult to take firm decision,
Whether to cling to the world or the Lord.

H-30

As I was pious earlier, so am I now,
My sight is sinless, so are my temperament and mind.
My honour and modesty are protected,
So are faith and rituals and ceremonies of mine.
He oversees what good or bad deeds we do,
Though others may not see, but He does watch.
Pray lower not position by taunting and slandering,
Ye tear up my heart and its plight Ye touch.

H-31

Now my life hath become miserable without Thee,
My soul and life are good for nothing without Ye.
With turning of Thine eyes, turned the whole world,
The compassionate ones ‘ve become merciless without Ye.
Having brought at the destination, do not leave me alone,
Otherwise my life will become useless and futile without Thee.
The chamber of my heart hath been without hustle and bustle since long,
Where is that agility and playfulness in sentiments without Thee?
Do not look away otherwise the secret of love will get disclosed,
Now none else knows this story without Ye.
My heart hath shattered into pieces with extreme pain,
How can I express, when even it is permissible to request Ye.

Hukm hai sayyád ká mujh ko are insán sun,
Kát dáloongá zubán teri agar fariyád ki.
Khoon ban kar ánkh se ánsoo nikal áye 'Jamál',
Dástán ik din ye sun loge dil-e-barbád ki.
Zindagi ab ho gai báregarán tere bagair,
Áj nákárá hai yah rooh-o-ján tere bagair.

H-32

Tum nahin ho to har khushi gam hai,
Mujh ko jannat bhi fir jahannum hai.
Vo bhi nákhush hain dil bhi hai be-reham,
Akhtiyár zindagi par ab kam hai.
Muttahid ho rahi hain do roohen,
Un ki shán pe máre sam-sam hai.
Rukh-e-purnoor kab vo áe 'Jamál',
Ham hain aur intzár pe ham hain.

H-33

Tum hi ho chitt chor Sáwan, bane ho chitt ke chor.
Sáwan ki ab rutt hai áee, káli ghatá ghanghor hai chháee.
Barkhá ká sandesh hai láee, nách rahe hain mor.
Tum hi ho chitt chor.
Tum bin sájan jiyá ghabráye, tadp tadp kar ye din áye.
Kuchh milne ki pesh ná jáye, prem ki bándhi tooti dor.
Tum hi ho chitt chor.
Dukh mein bhi jo tum ná áo, toote dil ko na bharmáo.
Doobti naiyá kón bacháve, kón lagáve zor.
Tum hi ho chitt chor.
Tum bin mushkil hai ab jeená, chhodá sab kuchh kháná peená.
Háth mein jogi ki hai veená, dhyán hai teri or.
Tum hi ho chitt chor.

It's God's command for me, listen O man,
"I'll cut thy tongue if ye make request to Me".
Tears in the form of blood started flowing out of my eyes,
Will the woeful story of this anguished mind be heard by Ye?
Now my life hath become miserable without Thee,
My soul and life are good for nothing without Ye.

H-32

Every pleasure is pain without Thee.
For me Heaven is hell without Thee.
He is displeased and his heart is merciless,
Now my authority over life hath been reached to nothingness.
Two souls are going to consummate,
And over their glory all wilt equally celebrate.
'Jamaal'! When will He show His effulgent face,
Let me wait, still let me wait.

H-33

O Sawan! Ye art the expert thief who hath stolen my mind.
Dark clouds've gathered and rainy season hath set in.
It brings the message of rain and the peacocks dance with joyous din.
O Master! Ye art the expert thief...
My mind is bewildered without the Beloved and I've writhed a lot,
I'm helpless to me Thee, of the string of love hath broken the knot.
O Master! Ye art the expert thief...
Come ye not distress, who shall calm the mind yet,
Who will save the sinking boat and who wilt apply his might a bit?
O Master Ye art the expert thief...
I've given up food and drink, as it is difficult to live without Ye.
I've now held a yogi's veena in my hand and my attention is rivetted on Thee.
O Master! Ye art the expert thief...

H-34

Tere gam se hui ro ro deeváni,
Tumháre ishq mein rang záfráni.
Jigar párá ávárá hál huá,
Hijr andar ná kar dildár fáni.
Dharo apná qadam mere ángan par,
Karo mud ke pyáre meharbáni.
Khushi játi rahi meri srásar,
Nazar áti hai hameshá jávidáni.
Uthá pardá zará mukh se pyáre,
Dikhá rukhsár-e-purnoor jáni.
Teri soorat manohar mál-e-anvar,
Hue áshiq maláyak ásmáni.
Sáwan mein banoon majnoon terá deeváná,
Jo dekhoon soorat-e-máh-e-nooráni.

H-35

Teri galiyon ko samajhtá hoon pyáre,
Mere dard-e-dil ki davá ho rahi hai.
Teri yád karne se jáni hamári,
Namáz-e-muhabbat adá ho rahi hai.
Bhulátá lákh hoon lekin, vo aksar yád áte hain.
Yon to dekhne mein, seedhe-sáde bhole bhále hain.
Magar máloom hamko, ye kaise husn wále hain.

H-34

I've become insane pining for Ye,
And my clour hath turned pale in love for Thee.
My heart hath broken into pieces in separation,
Pray, do not cause more devastation.
O Beloved! Step in my courtyard,
And shower Thy mercy once again, O Lord.
Delight hath taken wings and flown away,
Without Thee I'm miserable night and day.
O Beloved! Lift the curtain a bit from Thy face,
And let me have Thy radiant glimpse and embrace.
Thy form is bewitching which emits radiation,
Even gods and angels art enamoured by Thy ornamentation.
O 'Sawan'! Pray, make me intoxicated in Thy beauty and love,
So that I may glance Thy radiant form from above.

H-35

I treat Thy scolding a panacea for the ills of mind,
And remembering Thee is real prayer of mine.
I want to forget Him but He frequents my memory,
No doubt, He appears to be innocent and ordinary.
Yet I know He is exceptionally beautiful.
And also wonderfully graceful.

H-36

Tere zulm karne se sáqi,
Hamári namáz-e-muhabbat adá ho rahi hai.
Qarib ho kar bhi door ho tum,
Firáq hai yá visál hai yah?
Mile hue bhi alag thalag ho,
Ajab tumhárá kamál hai yah.
Nahin hai koi bhi tum se pyárá,
Tumhin se rishtá hai bas hamárá.
Batáen kis munh se tumko apná,
Badá hi mushkil savál hai yah.

H-37

Tere prem ki jisko lagi hai lagan,
Tere darsh ká jisko dhyán huá.
Teri ráh mein tan man vár gayá,
Tere prem hi mein balidán huá.
Dekhi jis ne pitá teri thodi jhalak,
Aisa mohit huá apni sudh ná rahi.
Dekhá jis ko bhi us ne ánkh uthá,
Teri mahimá ká us mein guman huá.

H-38

Dard kuchh aur badh gayá, ham lene gaye davá-e-dil.
Meri tarah khudá kare, tera kisi pe áe dil.
Too bhi jigr ko thám kar, kehtá fire ke háye dil.
Máni hazáron mannten, rajjnáee banáye dil.
Ládo meri lásh ko, is mein bhari hain hasraten.
Rakhná kadam sambhál ke, dekho jal na jáye dil.
Gunchá samajh ke le liyá, chutki se fir masal diyá.
Un ká to ik khel thá, mit gayá merá háye dil.

H-36

O cup bearer! Ye inflict atrocities upon me,
And I consider it prayer offered to God.
Although Ye live close to me, yet appear to be afar,
I do not understand whether it is meeting or separation, O Lord.
What a wonder of wonders! In meeting there's separation,
No one else is dearer than Ye and none is my relation.
How can I make its expression?
It is a difficult and complex preposition.

H-37

Who is absorbed in Thy love,
And who considers Thy glimpse of paramount significance.
He sacrifices his body and mind,
In Thy love he renounces everything including prudence.
Whosoever hath seen Thy grace a bit,
He got intoxicated and lost all shrewdness.
Whomsoever he hath seen raising his sight,
In him he saw Thy manifestation greatness.

H-38

With the consumption of medicine, the heart received intensity of pain in excess.
May Ye also fall in love, so that Ye may experience this very distress.
Holding Thy heart, I may also carry out of sheer pain,
I pray to God thousands of times, may my mind peace gain!
Lift my corpse ladden with unlimited desires carefully,
Beware, thy mind may not get burnt, take each step meticulously.
He hold me in his hands as if I were a soft bud,
It was His play which made my heart a selfless bud.

H-39

Dillagi kuchh aur hai dil ká lagáná aur hai.
Kaul dená aur hai báten banáná aur hai.
Hamne parváne ki sun li shamá ko dil to diyá.
Ji ká jaláná aur samjháná bujháná aur hai.
Arz kyá poori ná hogi manzil ab tak door hai.
Kyá vo zamáná aur thá aur ye zamáná aur hai.

H-40

Duniyá kyá apne se bhi begáná honá cháhie.
Tere deeváne ko bas deeváná honá cháhie.
Main terá deeváná ban kar sabse begáná rahoon.
Divángi ko bhi meri deeváná honá cháhie.
Har nazar mein tum hi tum ho har taraf ho tum hi tum.
Jab tum hi tum ho to fir pardá ná honá cháhie.

H-41

Duniyá-e-husn-o-ishq ká armán tum hi to ho.
Maine diyá hai dil jise ae ján tum hi to ho.
Paz murdá dil shaguftá huá jisko dekh kar.
Bág-e-jahán main vo gul-e-khadán tum hi to ho.
Har rang main tumháre sivá aur kaun hai.
Har fool ke libás mein pinhán tum hi to ho.
Kyá kahiye kis ki zulf ke deevánon mein hain ham.
Apni nazar mein vo pari-rukhsár tum hi to ho.
Jo jalvágar hai goshá-e-dil mein vo kaun hai.
Main keh rahá hoon jis ko meri ján tum hi to ho.
Har vaqt peshá-e-didá-e-hairán tum hi to ho.
Kudrat ká us ki kár-e-numáyán tum hi to ho.

H-39

Mockery and intense love art poles asunder.
Fulfilling promise and long talks are different in nature.
Look! The moth laysdown its life over fire,
One professing one thing and doing something different is a liar.
Would Ye not accept of achieving target, my request, O God?
Is present altogether different from the past, O Lord?

H-40

What to say of this world the lover should be alien to onself,
Thy lover should be lover both in word and deed.
Pray, being Thy lover, I'll be indifferent to all others,
My insanity even should be Thy insane indeed.
In all directions and wherever I cast my sight I see Thee,
When Ye art omnipresent, then of veil there's no need.

H-41

The ardent craving of true worldly love are Thee.
To whom I've surrendered my heart are Ye.
Seeing whom stone like mind retrieved its life,
In the worldly garden the only bloomed flowers are Ye.
In every colour there is nothing but Thyself,
In every flower the existence of fragrance are Ye.
What to say that for whose tresses I am crazy,
In my eyes who is the most beautiful like fairy are Ye.
Who is manifested in the corner of the heart?
To whom I'm referring as my life are Ye,
Ye art always present before my surprised eyes,
The peerlessly wonderful creation of nature are Ye.

Kyonkar tumháre deed ká main armán nikáloon.
Is gamkade mein aish-e-badámán tum hi to ho.
Masjood-e-ehal-e-ishq tumháre sivá hai kaun.
Cháhá kiyá jise ye dil-o-ján tum hi to ho.

Futkal

Muhabbat ki nigáhon se teri tasvir dekhenge.
Mere pahloo mein áyenge, jinhe main pyár kartá hoon.
Mere ae báboo ab se fir meri taqdir dekhenge.

H-42

Nazar mein un ká tasavvur hai vo hain ná máloom.
Ptá hi un ká hai máloom aur ná já máloom.
Nigodi hichkiyan deti to hain payám un ká.
Magar vo láyenge tashrif kab khudá máloom.
Khudá jáne samáe kis tarah hain meri ánkhon mein.
Ye ánsoo varná ik toofán barpá karne vále hain.
Chain átá hi nahin dam bhar firák-e-yár main.
Kab talak tadpá karoon main iláhi kyá karoon.

H-43

Ná marne ki khwáhish ná jeene ki ás,
Meri zindagi bhi hai kitni udás.
Ná chhero meri rooh ke sáz ko,
Ke tum ko bhi honá pade ná udás.
Muhabbat ko samjhá hai mainne janoon.
Thikáne nahin mere hosh-o-havás.
Hai záhir mein go us ke rang aur boo,
Hakikat mein hai yah junoon ká libás.

How can I satisfy my desires to have Thy glimpse?
In this sorrowful house the only permanent delight are Ye.
Who except Thee is the true temple of love?
For whom my heart ever yearn are Ye.

Misc.

With the sight of love, Thy picture I'll see.
Who comes into my view is none other than Thee.
O my Lord! My fate is an open book for Ye to see.

H-42

His contemplation is in my eyes, but He is unknown,
I know not His address and but His place is unknown.
The paltry sighs do convey His message,
But when will He come here is unknown.
Only God knows how He hath merged in my eyes,
Othewise these tears are likely to create a tempest.
How long will I writhe in His divine longing?
In separation from the Beloved I do not find rest.

H-43

Neither do I desire death nor hope for life,
My life is extremely sorrowful.
Do not play upon the instrument of my soul,
Lest Ye should also become moanful.
My wisdom is faltering and wavering,
As I have taken the love as insanity.
Altough He is present in every colour and fragrance,
Yet He is in garb of wonder in reality.

H-44

Náz ki qurbán hai, sau ján se balihár hai.
Han bahár-e-roo-e-Sáwan gairat gulzár hai.
Dilbari fir sádgi, tamknat fir ján fazán.
Rooh-e-parvar dil-kushá Sáwan ki hai har ik adá.
Sharmgi vo mast ánkhen, sharmagi purkaif bát.
Le tasavvur mein bláyen jin ki ábid bár-bár.
Markaz-e-ushshák too, sarchashmá-e-hubb-o-pyár.
Too bekás ki davá, bebason ká gam gusár.
Mehvar-e-asmat hai too, paikar-e-sharm-o-hyá.
Ráh-e-asiyan mein gunahgáron ká too hai rahnumá.
Dekh kar tujh ko pyáre, dil mein átá hai khayál.
Tujh par kudrat kar chuki khatm hai apná kamál.

H-45

Nikáloon kis tarah armán ab mushkil hi mushkil hai.
Vhán tootá huá khanjar, yhán tootá huá dil hai.
Merá dil hi samjhtá hai, uthá hai dard jo dil mein,
Chhupáná bhi nahin bas ká, ná kuchh kahne ke kábil hai.
Burá ho pardádári ká, ke hain donon musibat mein,
Kahin betáb bismil hai, kahin bechain qátil hai.

H-46

Pyáre teri takrir kyá hai, brk-e-bátin soz hai.
Brk-e-bátin soz hai ramz har ik áp ki.
Brk se bhi zood-asar pyáre teri guftár hai.
Khalq kuchh is liye bhi qurbán hai, balihár hai.
Pyáre terá updesh amrit hai, zamáne ke liye.
Hai liyá avtár toone, hari se miláne ke liye.

H-44

I'm sacrificed hundreds of times unto Thee, O 'Sawan'.
The beauty of Thy face is like an orchard of flowers, O 'Sawan'.
Ye art the innocent thief of hearts and Thy elegance is permanent.
Ye art the sustainer of souls and wooer of hearts, O Master.
Thy eyes are fascinating and Thy words intoxicating.
If a devotee contemplates upon Thee, his troubles vanish, O Master.
Ye art the centre and fountain of love divine.
Ye art the redeemer of helpless and mitigater of miseries, O Master.
Ye art the pioneer of piety and embodiment of shame,
Ye are the indicator of spiritual path for the sinner, O Master.
On seeing Thee, a thought occurs to my mind,
The nature hath perfected its skill and art on Thee, O Master.

H-45

How can't expose myself, it is very difficult,
There is a broken sword and here a broken heart.
Only my heart understands the hurt emerged,
Neither can it be expressed in words nor concealed.
Many concealment be devastated, both art in misery,
At one place a hundred wounded writhes and at other the slayer in agony.

H-46

The discourse of the Beloved is a hidden agony of mind.
The every hidden hit points torwards the pathos of every kind.
The teachings of the Beloved 've a quick effect on audience.
This is the reason why people are prepared to make any sacrifice.
The teaching of the Beloved are nector for the world.
Ye have incarnated to unite people with God's Word.

Beshtar khinch játá hai, jo dekh pátá hai tujhe.
Gair gairiyat mein bhi har já hai, apnáná tujhe.
Zindagi mein yád-e-Sáwan dil se kyonkar jáyegi.
Soorat-e-Sáwan pesh-az-mrg bhi laut áyegi.

H-47

Piyá bin sooná hai sansár.
Jab se rooth gye ho Sáwan birah ki ág lagáye.
Mushkil se káte hain din rain, jeená hai dushwár.
Káli káli ghor ghatáen, mor papeehe shor macháen.
Pápi nainán bhar bhar áyen, dukh ki hai bharmár.
Tooti naiyá door safar hai, doonghi nadiyá joban par hai.
Uthen lahar aur bade bhanvar hain, kaun langháve pár.
Rain andheri aur andheri, andh baná sansár.
Soojhat náhin mo ko Sáwan, ab apná háth pasár.
Gar gar gar gar gar bádal garje, barst megh apár.
Kahán khade ho málik mere, mere jeevan ádhár.
Preetam mere, mere sáthi, mere apne pyár.
Áo pagli ke págal supne, khulá huá hai dwár.
Ghumad ghumad kar áye badriyá, rain ghiri ghanghor.
Birahi ko kabhoon kal náhin, ánsoo bahen har or.
Tap tap tap tap bundiyá barse, tap tap nainan neer.
Tadap-tadap kar bijli tarse, tadpe ye man mor.
Chháee ghtá ghanghor, piyá bin sooná hai sansár.

Whosoever gets Thy glimpse is forever attracted to Ye.
Even the strangers without reservation adopt Ye.
O Sawan! How could Thy remembrance leave my mind?
At death Thy remembrance will remain in my mind.
Even death will get back before the Master appears in my mind.

H-47

This world is a deserted place without Thee, O Beloved.
I've been burning in separatoin since Ye got angry, O 'Sawan'.
Time is hanging heavily upon me without Thee, O 'Sawan'.
Peacocks and rainbirds clamour when black clouds appear.
When miseries surround my sinful eyes, the eyes well up with tears.
My boat is broken but journey long and the river is in spate.
The waves are rising and whirlpool raging, who'll help me out of this fate?
In night the world've plunged into pitch darkness.
O Sawan! I can see nothing, extend Thy hand to drag me out of distress.
The clouds are thundering and rain is pouring heavily as a strife.
Where are Thee, O Lord, the prop and support of my life.
O Beloved! Ye are my companion, Ye are my true love.
My door is open and I'm eagerly dreaming, Ye come from above.
The sky is overcast with clouds and the night hath turned black.
This love stricken hath no respite, as to my tears, there is no lack.
The more pouring of rain the more the tears,
As the lightning is pining, so the pangs my mind bears.
Although the sky is overcast with black clouds,
Yet this world is deserted place without Thee O Beloved.

H-48

Falak ko is kadr ji bhar ke gar mujh ko ruláná thá,
Merá dil bhi mere Alláh patthar ká banáná thá.
Baná ke ashq ‘gar mujh ko nigáhon se giráná thá,
To kyon ae shokh toone meri nazron mein samáná thá.
Yoon hi gar neem-bismil chhod kar jo mujh ko jáná thá,
To teg-e-náz se ae ján mujhe beján banáná thá.
Merá dil ae sitmgar kábil-e-zor-o-zafá to ná thá,
Terá hi já-e-maskan thá, terá hi vo thikáná thá.
Nahin hai dakhal mujh ko teri mrzi mein magr maulá,
Havás-o-hosh kyon bakhshe the jo diváná banáná thá.
Mujhe bhi maut de kar sáth le chalte mere Sáwan,
Karam itná to kar dete jo yoon bismil banáná thá.

H-49

Furkat mein ánsuon ki kyonkr ruke raváni.
Shole bhadak-bhadak kar barsá rahe hain páni.
Dil ki lagi iláhi kab tak ná sard hogi,
Behtá rahegá kab tak ánkhon se garm páni.
Har lamhá beqarári, har án ánkh purnam,
Sáwan ye dard-e-ulfat sháyad hai jávidáni.

Futkal

Teer is andáz se fenká nigáhe-náz ne,
Lákh roká maine lekin dil nisháná ho gayá.
Ab zroort kyá rahi dair-o-harm ki ae ‘Jamál’,
Vakf sijdon ke lie jab ástáná ho gayá.

H-48

If the sky was to make me weep so bitterly,
Ye should ‘ve made my mind of stone, O God.
If Ye were to throw me off Thy eyes,
Then why were Ye to live in my sight, O Lord.
If Ye were to leave me half dead and half alive,
Then Ye were to slay me with haughty sword, O God.
My heart was neither tyrant nor liable to be punished,
That was Thy abode and permanent resting place, O Lord.
I cannot interfere in Thy will, O Master,
Why did Ye give me intellect, if Ye were to make me insane, O God?
O ’Sawan’! Ye should ‘ve given me death and taken with Thee,
Pray, shower Thy grace if Ye hath to make half dead of me, O Lord

H-49

In Thy sweet remembrance my tears do not stop.
The flames are raging and pouring out water.
O Lord! How long will this fire continue in the heart?
And how long will my eyes pour out hot water?
I’m ever restless and my eyes are ever wet.
O ‘Sawan’! It appears that this agony is permanent.

Misc.

Thy fascinating eyes’ve shot arrow in such a way,
I tried my level best to escape, but it pierced thro’ my heart.
Now where is the need for temple or mosque, O ‘Jamaal’?
The place of worship and the worshiper have blended in my heart.

H-50

Barbád kar chuká hoon khud áshiyán ko main,
Bekár ab samjhtá hoon áh-o-fugán ko main.
Sáki ki ik nigáh hai káfi mere liye,
Munh se Igáoongá ná may-e-argaván ko main.
Sáwan tumhári yád se hotá hai shád dil,
Kartá hoon roz yád khudá-e-jahán ko main.

H-51

Maláyak se, bashr se, hoor se, sab se sivá nikle.
Hamáre shehanshán donon jhánon se judá nikle.
Khuli jab ánkh to insán ke jáme mein khudá nikle.
Samajhte the unhen ham kyá iláhi aur vo kyá nikle.
Khudá jalvánumán un mein, Khudá mein vo fná nikle.
Ná vo un se judá niklá, ná vo us se judá nikle.
Muhabbat mein vo kuchh ik doosre ki mubtilá nikle.
Khudá un par fidá niklá, Khudá par vo fidá nikle.
Vajood-e-khák-e-álam mein vo isrár-e-baqá nikle.
Isi kooche Khudá khud thá iláhi vo khud Khudá nikle.
Chalo didár kar lo áj hi satsang mein un ká.
Khudá jáne qayámt kab ho aur kyá majrá nikle.

H-52

Misál-e-ashq ‘gar mujh ko nigáhon se giráná thá,
To kyon ae shokh-deedá meri nazron mein samáná thá.
Yon hi ‘gar neem-bismil chhod kar mujh ko jáná thá,
To teg-e-náz se ae ján mujhe beján bnáná thá.
Gam-e-hijrán se tang á kar teri furqat mein ghbrá kar,
Chhupe munh jo rotá thá vo terá hi deeváná thá.

H-50

I’ve destroyed my own dwelling place,
O now I consider everything worthless.
O cup bearer! Thy single sight is enough for me,
But Thy red wine I’ll taste, becoming mouthless.
O ‘Sawan’ by remembering Thee my mind gets tranquility.
By ever remembering the Lord of both worlds, I get serenity.

H-51

The Master excelled all men, fairies and gods,
He made His appearance as Lord of Lords.
When I got spiritual sight I found in the garb of man the Almighty Lord,
We considered Him one thing, but found Him something else, O God.
God is manifested in Him and He was merged in God,
Neither is God apart from Him nor is He from the Lord.
In intense love they both appeared as interwoven with each other,
Both Master and God are anxious to sacrifice each for the other.
In this body of clay He emerged as an immortal being,
In this narrow lane of world He appeared as God’s being.
Let us go and get His glimpse in His spiritual discourse,
Only God knows when devastation may happen in due course.

H-52

If Ye were to throw me like tears of Thy eyes,
Then why were Ye to abide in my sight, O Master?
If Ye were to leave me in wounded condition,
Then Ye should ‘ve slayed me with the sword of ego, O Master.
Fed up with the misery of Thy separation and lost in Thy remembrance,
Who was crying hiding his face was mad after Thee, O Master.

H-53

Muhabbat giriyá-e-khámosh ban kar beh nikalti hai.
Muhabbat ashk ban kar ánkhon se gohar uglti hai.
Muhabbat ná-ummeedi se hameshá door rehti hai.
Muhabbat har museebat khandá-pesháni se sehti hai.
Muhabbat soz ki tasveer ban kar jagmgáti hai.
Muhabbat saz-e-furkat par anokhe geet gáti hai.
Muhabbat rooh-e-bedári mein dil ko gudgudáti hai.
Muhabbat ke tasavvur se khushi bhi jhoom játi hai.
Muhabbat ki zubán se ho nahin saktá kabhi shikvá.
Muhabbat khámoshi se dil mein kar leti hai ghar apná.

H-54

Mere káshaná-e-dil par, janoon ki hukamráni hai.
Shaheed-e-ishq hoon hásal, hayát-e-jávidáni hai.
Dil-e-muztar mein yá rabb, dard uthtá hai reh reh kar.
Koi teer-e-nazar hai, yá blá-e-ásmáni hai.
Nigáh-e-náz-kátil ne, hamárá hi jigr táká.
Ye un ke husn-e-paikán ki, kitni meharbáni hai.
Zubán par áh, dil mein dard, záhir bashásh chehrá hai.
Janoon-e-ishq mein meri, yah apni zindgáni hai.
Talásh-e-manzil-e-ráhat, asool-e-zindgáni hai.
Yah ulfat mein mar mitná, hayát-e-jávidáni hai.
Tumhárá husn hai raunaq, fizá-e-gulshan-e-álam.
Tumhárá jalvá-e-rukh, shamá-e-bazm-e-zindgáni hai.
Sar-e-mehafil sunátá hoon, jigr ko thám kar baitho.
Hikáyat-e-dard ki hai, aur dard-e-ulfat ki kaháni hai.
Mere káshaná-e-dil par, janoon ki hukamráni hai.

H-53

Love in the shape of silent tears flows out of eyes.
And tears of love in the shape of pearls and disgorsed by the eyes
Love always remains aloof from all despondencies,
It smilingly bears all miseries and atrocities.
Love shines as an image of pang and agony,
It sings strange songs in His memory.
Love stricken tongue can't complain by heart,
And love silently makes its nest in lover's heart.

H-54

Madness reigns supreme in the seat of my heart,
I'm absorbed in love and this condition will remain constant.
By fits and starts pain pesters in my heart,
Either it hath pierced thro' or hypnotised by arrow of sight.
The sight of the murderer sought for my heart,
How merciful is the beauty of His spear's thrust.
My tongue leaves sighs, heart aches and despondency is on face,
In the madness of love, it is my life's vivid fate.
The principle of my life is to look for a peaceful destination,
To die in true love is what is written in my predestination.
The beauty enhances the effulgence of wordly orchard,
The brilliance of Thy face is the life of audience's splendor.
I say it openly, tight thine hearts tightly,
It is a pathetic tale and pain of love vividly.
Over the kingdom of my heart insane,
Madness and absorption reign supreme.

H-55

Mere dil ko baná lo ghar apná,
Ákhon mein baserá karo ná karo.
Man mandir chhod ná jáo kahin,
Mere dere mein derá karo ná karo.
Birhá prem ká fandá fodá hai,
Mazboot hazáron zanjeeron se.
Tum bhagat ke vash mein ho bhagwn,
Bhagtan ká chetá karo ná karo.
Rehti hai sugandh jyon foolon mein,
Madhu mein mithás mákhan doodh mein.
Tyon hi áj hriday mein vás karo,
Cháhe moksh bhi merá karo ná karo.
Tan man mein baso mere tum hi sadá,
Cháhe dhyán idhar ko karo ná karo.

H-56

Main rasm-e-jahán se hoon kuchh soch ke begáná.
Kehti hai to kehne do, duniyá mujhe deeváná.
Hai zauq-e-talb merá yá nazr-e-karm un ki.
Firtá dar-e-Sáwan par soort hai gdáyáná.
Ab zeest ki kyá parváh, ab maut se kyá darná.
Ham khud ko samjhte hain khák-e-dar-e-jánáná.

H-55

I do not mind whether Ye live in my eyes or not,
But make Thy residence in my mind.
I do not care whether Ye come to live in my house,
But do not go anywehre leaving the temple of my mind.
I've broken the shakles of longing and love,
Which were fastened very tightly.
I do not mind whether Ye remember the devotees or not,
But this much I know that the devotees 've tied Ye mighty.
As fragrance lives in flowers, sweetness in honey and butter in milk,
So Ye please live in my heart tied with thread of silk.
Whether Ye give salvation or not, I care not but live Ye in my heart for ever,
Always live in my heart whether Ye pay Thy attention to me ever or never.

H-56

I've become stranger to the rituals and ceremonies of this world.
Let I be called insane or whatever else by the world.
I do not know whether it is my strong desire or His merciful sight,
But this much I know that I wander as a beggar around Sawan's site.
Now I neither care for life nor dread the terror of death.
I consider myself nothing but Beloved's undertrodden dust.

H-57

Main terá hi deeváná hoon pyáre mere Sáwan,
Apne se bhi begáná hoon pyáre mere Sáwan.
Maykháne se tere mein kahin já nahin saktá,
Khák-e-dar-e-maykháná hoon pyáre mere Sáwan.
Qurbán merá dil hai meri ján-e-tasadduk,
Too shamá hai main parváná hoon pyáre mere Sáwan.
Makhmoor nigáhon ká teri roz-e-ajl se,
Mastáná hoon, mastáná hoon pyáre mere Sáwan.

H-58

Main pák murshid ki khák-e-pá ko, lagáoon sar par uthá uthá kar.
Hai mast-o-bekhud banáyá mujh ko, sharáb-e-vahdat pilá pilá kar.
Thi itni mujh mein bhari yah hasrat, najuz mein insán kuchh bhi samjhoon.
Mitáyá sadiyon ká kul andherá, toone deepak jagá jagá kar.
Main khud ko samjhá thá mehaz bandá, hai chand rozá kayám is já par.
Banáyá mujh ko hai zát-e-yazdán, khudi ko meri mitá mitá kar.
Firá main jangal mein ek muddat, talásh-e-rabb mein kahán vo hogá.
Bafazal-e-murshid hai ab vo házir, thaká thá jis ko bulá bulá kar.
Nigáh-e-ranj-o-alam ne hijr ki, sunáee gam ki kaháni sári.
Thá tab bhi main to bagl mein teri, kahá ye mujh ko suná suná kar.
Hazár kulfat uthaee maine, ye sun ke kháli vo muskráye.
Mitáyá ranj-o-alam ko mere, gale se apne lagá lagá kar.
Hai husn-e-jánán bayán se báhar, ná ankh ko hai táb-e-deedan.
Base hain puran, jahán main dekhoon, nazar ko apni uthá uthá kar.

H-57

I'm mad slave of thee, O Beloved 'Sawan'.
I'm stranger even to my kith and kin, O Beloved 'Sawan'.
I cannot go anywhere leaving Thy bar,
I'm nothing but dust of Thy bar, O Beloved 'Sawan'.
I'm sacrificed and also my life is sacrificed unto Thee,
Ye art light and I'm moth, O Beloved 'Sawan'.
I'm mad after Thy intoxicating eyes since ages,
I'm ever drunk and intoxicated, O Beloved 'Sawan'.

H-58

I'll pick up the sacred dust of Master's feet and smear my head.
He hath made me intoxicated by making me drink wine of God.
I had a strong desire to know how immortal wears the garb of mortal.
He hath removed darkness of centuries by lighting lamp eternal.
I had a notion that I was a mere mortal of temporary stay here,
But He hath made me God's devotee by annihilating my ego forever.
I wandered for aeons in forests for God to find.
By grace of Master I've found Him whom I tired to find.
My eyes full of miseries told Him my woeful tale.
He responded that He was ever beside me and knew the whole gale.
I told Him that I had to bear thousands of troubles and anxieties.
Hearing He smiled and embracing me removed all agonies and miseries.
The greatness of the Beloved is beyond description,
And eyes can't stand His dazzling brilliance.
Raising my eyes I've found,
He is present in all regions in His radiance.

H-59

Ye nayá pahloo nikálá dil jaláne ke liye.
Kuchh ná kuchh likh dete ho, mujh ko ruláne ke lie.
Tum nahin áte to á játi tumhári yád hi.
Koi to ho dil ki duniyá ko basáne ke liye.
Dast-e-názuk se kalam ká khanjar uthána kyá zaroor.
Kham-e-abroo hai kyá kam khoon baháne ke liye.
Pyáre terá intzár kartá hoon main rát-din,
Shok ko beqrár kartá hoon.
Too mere sáth lákh kaz-adáhi kar,
Fir bhi terá main etbár kartá hoon.
Ján si cheez ho fidá tujh par,
Main tishná-e-deedár rehtá hoon.
Pyár karná sikhá diyá toone,
Is liye tujh se pyár kartá hoon.
Lagti hai jis gunáh-e-muhabbat par tazir,
Main vo hi bár-bár kartá hoon.
Mujhe apni ágosh-e-muhabbat se door ná kar dená,
Kyonke main tujh se pyár kartá hoon.

H-60

Lági lági sab kahen, lági buri bláye.
Lági us ko jánie, jo ár-pár ho jáye.
Ab lági náhin chhoote, cháhe jiyá jáye.
Ari mórá jiyá jáye, ari morá jiyá jáye.
Is ulfat-e-be-din ká burá ho chlan.
Chhootati nahin hai lagan cháhe jiyá jáye.
Lákh thukráo bhale, páon mein kyá hotá hai.
Sar usi ke kadmon pe fidá hotá hai, cháhe jiyá jáye.
Sar kabhi dhad se judá hotá hai, cháhe jiyá jáye.

H-59

Ye've invented a new divine to burn me, O Master.
Ye write something which causes me to weep, O Master.
If Ye do not come, Thy remembrance should come,
Any one should be to help my mind to stay in this world, O Master.
Is there any need to hold sword of pen in Thy soft hands?
The frown on Thy forehead is enough to shed blood, O Master.
Discarding fondness, I wait for Thee day in and day out,
Even if Ye pretend in millions of ways, I trust in Thee, O Master.
Sacrificing my life, I remain wistful of Thy glimpse.
Ye 've taught me how to love, that is why I love Thee, O Master.
If there is any sin in love liable to be punished,
I intentionally commit that sin again and again, O Master.
Please do not send me away from Thy lap of love,
Because as ordained to Thee I love.

H-60

Everybody says that he is in love, but it is a great calamity.
The real love is that which pierces through and through in totality.
Now this attachment of love wilt not slink, though life may do so.
My life is running out; tell me if I can stop it, how?
May fie and curse befall this irreligious love!
It cannot be got rid of even at the cost of life from above.
If Ye reject and push me millions of times, I'll remain stable.
I sacrifice my head over Thy feet even if to hold life I'm unable.
The head remains attached to the trunk of body.
Even though the soul may for good leave the body.

H-61

Lánat hai tujh ko ae dil, duniyá se dil lagáyá.
Badle mein is ke kyá kyá, bár-e-alam uthává.
Saudá-e-khám thá sab, kuchh bhi ná háth áyá.

H-62

Vafoor-e-kaif se dil itná beqarár ná ho.
Main dar rahá hoon ke muntazir nigáh-e-yár ná ho.
Sharik-e-ishq gar akal pardádár ná ho.
Nazar ke sámne kuchh bhi siváy-e-yár ná ho.
Dikháoon dág-e-muhabbat jo ho kasoor muáf.
Sunáoon kissá-e-furkat jo nágvár ná ho.
Unhen to dekh kar áiná-e-veham átá hai.
Ke yah kisi ki chashm-e-intzár ná ho.
Ajab zamáná hai kartá nahin ise tasleem.
Kisi sabab se bazáhir jo beqarár ná ho.
Mazhab-e-ishq mein jáyaz ho yakinan.
Choom loon labe-lali- bhi agar vo ár ná ho.

H-63

Sakhi vo kitne sundar the, main sevak thi vo mandir the.
Rukh-e-Sáwan par aiee thi láli, jhuki huee thi dáli dáli.
Main báhr thi vo andr the, sakhi vo kitne sundar the.
Sájan ham sang kare kalol, mukh se bole meethe bol.
Nain diye hriday ke khol, main sevak thi vo mandir the.
Chhavi un ki niráli thi, soorat bholi bháli thi.
Vo chaudavin ki rát ke chandr the, sakhi vo kitne sundar the.

H-61

Fie on thee, O Mind, Ye've attached heart to this world.
In bargain ye've borne many a trouble beyond words.
Since it was a false dealing, ye held but nothing in thy hands.

H-62

The mind doth not get so restless by consuming excessive intoxication,
As I get impatient by waiting for the Beloved and this is my apprehension.
If the partners of love do not hang curtain in between,
Then there'll be none else before eyes except the Beloved's scene .
I'll show the scar of love, if my faults are remitted,
And also narrate the story of reminiscence which is lighted.
By seeing Him even the mirror gets deluded,
Whether or not it is an eye longing for the Beloved.
This strange world doth not believe this fact,
For certain reason this revelation makes it important.
It is always legal in the religion of love,
I may kiss Thy red lips if this is not disliked from above.

H-63

O Friends! How handsome He was! I was devotee and He temple.
My 'Sawan' was a radiant tree, every branch whereof was ladden with fruits ample.
I was without and He within, O friends, how handsome He was!
I make fun and frolic with the Beloved and He speaks out sweet words.
He opened my inner eyes, I was devotee and He was temple.
His countenance was fascinating and form innocent steeple.
O friends! My Beloved was so bright.
As is the Moon in the pitch dark night.

H-64

Sakiyá vo mai pilá, jo tere maikhánon mein hai.
Is mein vo masti milá, jo tere mastánon mein hai.
Ná use masjid mein páyá, ná vo butkhánon mein hai.
Vo dur-e-maksood Sáwan, tere paimánon mein hai.
Kissá-e-Farhád-e-Majnoo be asar ho dástán.
Jal ke mar jáne ki hasrat, ab bhi parvánon mein hai.

H-65

Sakiyá vo mai pilá, ná hosh rahe ná ham.
Aisi pilá de sákiyá, ná hosh rahe ná gam, ná too rahe ná ham.
Shams ko aisi pilaee, pee ke matválá huá.
Aisa matválá huá, ná hosh rahi ná cham.
Koi kehtá hai too hi too hai, too hi too hai.
Koi kehtá hai ham hi ham hain, ham hi hain ham.
Ánkhon ánkhon se pilá di mere sáki ne.
'Jamál' ko aisi piláee, pi ke matválá huá.
Dekhte-dekhte hi rah gayá, ná too ná hoon, ná too rahi ná ham.

H-66

Sáwan kabhi áo, kabhi áo, kabhi áo.
Ujdi hui duniyá ko meri á ke basáo.
Tum pás nahí kaun sune meri kaháni.
Sáwan kabhi áo, to suno meri zubáni.
Main tere sivá kis ko kahoon yah to batáo.
Sáwan kabhi áo, kabhi áo, kabhi áo.
Joban pe javáni hai aur chándni ráten.
Tum bhool gaye Sáwan kyon pyár ki báten.
Jab preet lagai hai to ab tod nibháo.
Sáwan kabhi áo, kabhi áo, kabhi áo.

H-64

O cupbearer! Serve me that wine which in Thy bar is available free.
Mix that intoxication into it which is found only in Thy devotee.
Neither is God found in mosque nor in temple,
O 'Sawan'! In Thy words I've found those pearls.
The tales of Majnu and Farhad may lose their charm,
But the desire will ever remain in moth to die at the alter of flame.

H-65

O cupbearer! Serve that wine by drinking which ego and intellect vanish,
O cupbearer! Serve that wine by drinking which duality and miseries vanish.
Shams was given that wine and he got intoxicated forever.
He became intoxicated to such an extent that he came to senses never.
Some say that cupbearer, the Master is here, there and everywhere.
Others say that I'm here, there and the Master is no where.
The Master served wine to 'Jamaal' through His charming sight.
The disciple kept seeing that everything melted into naught except might.

H-66

O 'Sawan'! Ye ever come and rehabilitate my deserted place.
O Master come and listen to me,
Who will lend ear to my woeful tale, if not Ye?
Pray, tell me to whom should I tell except Thee.
Please come and rehabilitate my deserted place.
The beauty is pubersome and nights are moon lit.
O Master! Why did Ye forget those lovely chatchit?
If Ye've once loved me, it should last till last hit.
Please come and rehabilitate my deserted place.
In thy remembrance my eyes 've shed hundreds of tears.

Ánkhon ne teri yád mein sau ashk baháe.
Áhon ne mere seene mein toofán uthái.
Rote hue hriday ko mere á ke hanságo.
Sáwan kabhi áo, kabhi áo, kabhi áo.

H-67

Sáwan gale lagá kar báhon ká hár dálo.
Shaidá baná ke apná ulfat mein már dálo.
Ankhon mein bas rahe ho, ghar dil mein kar chuke ho.
Ab to hayá ká pardá rukh se utár dálo.
Majnoo ki kabar par ye kutbá lagá huá thá.
Nám-e-vafá pe sab kuchh tan man bhi vár dálo.
Ulfat mein háye ab to ik ján bach rahi hai.
Us ko bhi ai 'Jamál' ab bázi mein hár dálo.

H-68

Sozam misál-e-áhan dar átish-e-judáee.
Hai chot chot upar, detá hai dil duháee.
Gohar firá haqiqat az dard-e-hakeemán.
Bas dekhná hai us ká, furkat ki hai duháee.
Zálam azán zamáná-e-áshiq chashm-bá dilbar.
Bedil se koi poochh hai kaisi dilrubáee.
Boo-e-khabar marangar ishq seená-e-sozi.
Karat ná bhool karán main shamá roo se áshnáee.
Ohonkam bákhlak deedam ko khud álam-e-numáee.
Auron ko to karte kitni hi rahnumáee.
Az ján-e-khud kharidam saudá-e-ishq jánán.
Ho jiske ghar na beti kyá keemat-e-judáee.
Dánad bahá-e-waslat ko door shud ze dilbar.
Toote to koi ozán hai qadr-e-momnáee.

Sighs 've surged high that it is difficult to hear.
Come and make my weeping mind laugh by wiping tears.
O 'Sawan'! Ye ever come and rehabilitate my deserted place.

H-67

O 'Sawan'! Hug me and with Thy arm garland me.
Fascinate me and see with love of Thee.
Ye art living in my eyes and 've made nest in my heart.
Now draw the curtain of shame aside from Thy face so radiant.
This notice board at the tomb of Majnu was installed.
For the sake of devotion, sacrifice body, mind and all.
O 'Jamaal'! In the game of love ye art left with this very soul,
Now take thy last turn and sacrify it also as a whole.

H-68

I'm lying at Thy door burning like iron in furnance of separation
The hammer of longing is hitting this one is severe lamentation
O liberator! In fact, being distressed, I'm going to call on a physician.
Now I'm to see how long does he take to relieve me from this pain.
The worldings are enemies of one in whose eyes resides God.
As a heartless person how to attach heart to the Lord.
If one receives the news of love one becomes restless miserably.
If I knew that love was an ocean of fire, I'd looked at candle light briefly.
A worldly man can show Ye the things of this mortal region,
But only a spiritual guide can give Ye a spiritual vision.
Only the one who strikes the bargain of love for the Lord,
Can well nigh understand the pangs of separation from God.
One can't be forced to weigh well the value of Beloved's love
But the one who hath burning longing knows the import of love from above.

Raftam bá kuye jánán bá kasvat-e-judáee.
Dekhá jo vhán tamáshá, nahin beech bádsháhi.

H-69

Ham mein bhi ná thi koi bát,
Yád ne teri bhulá diyá.
Ham ná tujhe bhulá sake,
Tum ne hamein bhulá diyá.
Ná sun sake tum kissá-e-gam.
Sunegá kaun jisne diyá hai gam.

H-70

Hari bin jivan kaune kám.
Sakal sampatti aur mán-badai, deese sakal bát ye khám.
Sváns do dhárá behti jáe, har ghadi áthon jám.
Hari bin jivan kaune kám.
Nám ná japeyo sadá madmátá, kho baithyo apná nij dhám.
Sakal maton mein keval Harinámá, bin ras chákhe jeevan kaune kám.
Hari bin jivan kaune kám.
Hari nám sam jag kuchh náhin, khol dekho ved kurán.
Hari Hari karte umar ganwáee, ab to kar le apná ján.
Hari bin jivan kaune kám.
He Hari ji mo ko kar le apná, bin paise bin dám.
Hari ji dás ki sun lo pukárá, thak áye prabhu teri chhám.
Hari bin jivan kaune kám.

In the lane of the Beloved, the separation is an open book.
What spectacle is seen there is not in kingship to look.

H-69

Thy remembrance hath made me oblivious of everything which was within me,
I couldn't forget Thee But Ye 've forgotten me.
Ye could not listen to my pathetic plight.
Who will listen? Not the one, who created this woeful sight.

H-70

Without God life is futile.
All assets, name and fame are perishable.
Round the clock inhaling and exhaling go on unbreakable.
Without God life is futile.
Being in stupor, one forgets ones true home and repetition of Naam.
I am all religion, God's name is paramount and without its taste life is shame
Without God life is futile.
The essence of all scriptural texts is that God's name is pearless.
Life has been frittered away in lip repetition but now heartily catch hold of Naam and be fearless.
Without God life is futile.
I'm ready to be sold out without price, O God make me Thine.
Being tired, I've taken refuge with Thee, accede to this prayer of mine.
Without God life is futile.

H-71

Hari mo ko le chal apne dhám.
Man indri ras lobh lubháná, baseyo hád máns ko chám.
Hari mo ko le chal apne dhám.
Tan man ke pinjre mein baith kar, bhool gayo apná dhám.
Moh máyá ká roop ho gayo, baseyo jádoo ke dhám.
Hari mo ko le chal apne dhám.
Ab niksoon kas nikseyá jáe, kar baithyo is mein bisrám.
Hari satguru mohe án bacháo, nahin to padá rahoon us grám.
Hari mo ko le chal apne dhám.
Bát banáoon karoon kuchh náhin, kas pahunchoon preetam tore gám.
Ghat ke pat kholo more Hari jio, main to hár padá teri chhám.
Hari mo ko le chal apne dhám.
Main avgun bhrá koi gun náhin, kis munh se karoon pranám.
Ápan birad áp kari rákheyo, Hari ji dás oopar sir chhám.
Hari mo ko le chal apne dhám.

H-72

He satguru ab fir dikháo, rukh-e-anvar mujhe apná.
Vo mukhdá neem-bismil ko, jald ákar dikhá apná.
Vo Meethi dhuni jo teri hai, use ákar suná de too.
Ranj-o-mahal mein uljhá hoon, mujhe á kar baná apná.
Judai mein teri ráh mein, subah-o-shám firtá hoon.
Kináre too lagá á kar, nahin is já koi apná.
Yahán dekhá vahan dekhá, magar ná háth mein áyá.
Kahoon main kyá batá too khud, too kyonkar bane apná.
Siváy tere he Satguru, ná soojhe yhán mujhe koi.
Jo sári apni beeti ká, sunáoon májrá apná.

H-71

O God! Take me to Thy Home.
Mind is indulged in sensual pleasures and greed.
It hath made this body of flesh and bones its stead.
O God take me to Thy Home.
By sitting in the cage of body, it hath forgotten its true Home
It hath assumed the image of illusion and started living in magic home.
O God! Take me to Thy Home.
It hath become difficult to extricate from the illusionary dewelling.
God and Master came to my rescue otherwise I'd remain here for period unending
O God! Take me to Thy Home.
I only talk but do nothing, how can I reach Beloved's town.
I've taken refuge with Thee, O God! Draw aside the inner curtain.
O God! Take me to Thy Home.
I'm filled with sins and adverse deeds, how can I prostrate before Thee.
O God! Be honour bound and place Thy bountiful hand upon me.
O God! Take me to Thy Home.

H-72

Show me once again Thy beautiful face, O Master.
I'm half dead, please show early Thy face, O Master.
Please make me listen to Thy melodious tone.
I'm entangled in miseries, make me Thy own.
From morn to eve I wander in separation.
Please take me across, Here none is of my relation.
I looked for here and there but failed to find Thee.
What can I say? Ye tell Thyself how can I own Ye?
O Master! without Thee, none is mine here.
To whom should I tell what I had to bear.

H-73

Hain charche ásmánon mein zamin válon ká kyá hoga?
Khabar aee Khudá khud jáegá khud rahnumá hogá.
Koee bolá ke kaise jáegá vo bandon ki basti mein?
Sadá aee ke bandon ke liye bandá baná hogá.
Hain charche ásmánon mein ...
Jo poochhá kaise pahchánenge bande to javáb áyá?
Vo yaktá husn mein hogá vo auron se judá hogá.
Hain charche ásmánon mein ...
Buton ko hosh kaise áyegi aur kaise unhen buláyegá?
Vo soz-e-Ishq se kheenchegá aur nagmá sará hogá.
Hain charche ásmánon mein ...
Buton par jo sazá wájib hai ke us ká kyá hogá?
Kahá vah bakhsh de rahmat se un sab ko to kyá hogá.
Hain charche ásmánon mein ...

H-73

The one who is eulogised in the highest sphere.
How wilt He take care of the domiciles of this world here?
A news came that God Himself wilt descend as a guide.
Someone said, "How wilt He come to this lowest world of body and mind?"
A voice sounded that to teach man He will assume man's hide.
The one who is eulogized…
When asked, "How wilt the mortals recognize His power?"
Reply came, "His fascination 'll be peerless and wonderful tower."
The one who is eulogized…
"How wilt the idols come to life and how wilt He call them?"
If He forgives them all as He is embodiment of grace," a voice saith.
The one who is eulogised...

PART-II

Punjabi Poems
(in Roman Script)
with
English Translation

P-1

Asin pardesi, ve sádá dil pardesi,
Ishq de vich asán ján ganvái, lokán bháne hánsi.
Asin pardesi, ve sádá door tikáná,
Tainoon ápne husn dá máná.
Rabb de váste sánoon pár langháná,
Sadá hor ná koi tikáná.
Jis de ditheán man sabar ná áve,
Ve main tarf use di bhajjan.

P-2

Akkhián rajj ná dekheá munh terá,
Mainoon tadafdi noon kai sál hoe.
Athatti sál di umar hun guzar challi,
Sikkán sikkdeán mere bagge vál hoe.
Hun te ján vi de javáb challi,
Tusin hálán vi ná meharbán hoe.
Mar ke milion piáreá kamm kehade,
Je dunián vich sad manoor hoi.
Karendi zárián umar guzár challi,
Piá ne mool buláeá ná.
Dáhdhi saddhar hai piá de dekhne di,
Par piá ne daras dikháeá ná.
Dam dam rahe piáreá yád teri,
Dilon asán vi kadi bhuláeá ná.
Háe arz karán sayyo dasso mainoon,
Ki sabab hoeá piá ánvadá ná.
Vich vichhodeán umar guzár challi,
Piá sang mere rang machánvadá ná.
Loon loon merá gamin garak hoeá,
Nakári ganká noon hass bulánvadá ná.

P-1

I'm denizen of a different region and so is my mind,
I've sacrificed at the altar of love, but people consider it mockery of some kind.
My resting place is afar and I belong to higher spiritual plane,
Ye, O worldings , are proud of bodily beauty and of being sane.
O God! Ferry me across, for Thy own honour and grace,
Because for refuge I do not have any other place.
Beholding whom my mind never gets satiated,
I constantly run after Him, He is my Beloved.

P-2

My eyes've not got satiated, having got Thy glimpses,
Though I've been writhing for many many years.
My hair hath turned white bearing pains of yearning,
I've frittered away life of almost thirty eight years.
Now my very life is going to give way,
Thou've yet not become compassionate.
O dear! If Ye meet me after I've breathed my last,
Thy meeting with me would be quite without point.
I have spent my whole life,
Making constant requets to meet Thee,
Yet Ye did'nt turn kind enough,
To show a little glimpse to me.
I always remain in Thy sweet remembrance,
Ye know, my heart never forgot Thee.
Why doth the Beloved not come?
O My friends! I request thee to tell me.
My life in separation is going to ebb,
My Beloved doth not enjoy my company.
All parts of my body are in distress,
Thou've not called this abject sinner to Thee.

Gaián lag akkhán jind ján bhadke,
Háe laggi noon án bujhánvadá ná.
Záro-zár rován nitt már áhin,
Kehián gaeon judáián pá sajjná.
Láián bhull ke akkhián sang tere,
Chukkeá sir te gamán dá moh sajjná.
Gai hosh te akal noon bhull sárá,
Chadheá josh prem ajehá á sajjná.
Dáhdhi rull ke khák vich khák hoi hán,
Hun dassin khán pák deedár sajjná.
Háe á ke karo nián koi,
Kehi prem tere ne gheri hán main.
Sadke nám tere karán deen dunián,
Sir thin pairán tikan teri hán main.
Darshan dekh ke bhull gai ilam sárá,
Kookán tainoon hi pá dar dar firi hán main.
Karin reham piáreá sharm tainoon,
Bháven changi mandi fir bhi teri hán main.

❊❊❊

My life and soul art miserable and ablaze,
What a pity! Thou don't come to put out fire in me.
I'm bursting into tears day in and day out,
A strange noose of separation hath gripped me.
O Beloved! I've committed a great blunder,
That I've fallen in intense love with Thee.
I've taken a great burden of miseries,
And've lost all sense of wisdom and sanity.
I swayed in zeal and zest of love,
I've through and through minged and become dirty.
O Master! Now grant me Thy glimpse,
Do come and grant justice to me.
I'm utterly surrounded on all sides,
By divine and intense love of Thee.
I sacrifice not only this world,
But the next one also for Thee.
I'm entirely at Thy beck and call,
As for as art concerned my body and me.
Having had Thy divine glimpse,
I've lost all wisdom and knowledge there.
I've run from pillar to post,
Calling Thou here, there and everywhere.
O beloved! Thou art honour bound,
Take prity on me.
Whether I'm good or bad,
I ever belong only to Thee.

❊❊❊

P-3

Ái rutt basant, sakhi ri ái rutt basant.
Nahin áeá ghar kant sakhi ri, meri hai bas ant.
Dunián mane mauj bahárán, cháván bharián vajjan satárán.
Nahin áeá ghar kant sakhi ri, meri hai bas ant.
Main mauj mele lokán khush honá, piá vihooni beh beh roná.
Nahin áeá ghar kant, sakhi ri meri hai bas ant.

P-4

Á ke vekh satguroo ji hál merá,
Kiven rondeán jhat laghávani hán.
Machhi váng hai tadafdi ján meri,
Pai koonj de váng kurlávani hán.
Jugán jugán ton áp noon yád karán,
Kadam kadam te sees jhukávani hán.
Tere darash di bhukkh rahe har vele,
Tánhion geet firák de gávani hán.

P-5

Á já piáre Satgur á já, apni soorat mainoon vikhá já.
Siddhi sádi soorat teri, piári piári moorat teri.
Chehrá jalvá rabb dá disse, dil noon lubhávan vále á já.
Á já piáre Satgur á já.
Sohná matthá chitti pagdi, noor chamke har liv lagadi.
Akkhián prem piále bharián, bharvatte noor palatte á já.
Á já piáre satigur á já.
Julfán terián resham tárán, noor iláhi dián den chamkárán.
Ik ik vál sire de utton, doven álam várán á já.
Á já piáre Satgur á já.

P-3

Spring season hath set in, hath set in, O friend.
My Beloved hath not come to my home, it is for me the end.
People of this world make merry playing upon musical instruments.
My Beloved hath not come to my home, it is for me the end.
Worldly people roll in fun and frolic, but without Him I wail and lament.
My beloved hath not come to my home, it is for me the end.

P-4

O Master! Come and see my plight,
How I spend time in weeping.
I writhe like a fish out of water,
And like a cuckoo in distress cooing.
I've been remembering Ye,
And prostrating at every step for aeon.
May I be ever hungry for Thy glimpse!
That is why I sing in separation.

P-5

Come, O beloved Master come and show me Thy form.
Thy form is innocent, Thy image is fascinating,
Which charms my mind and Thy face is God-reflecting.
Come, O Beloved Master come…
Thy forehead and white turban art beautiful, which emit radiation and lustre.
Thy eyes are like bowls filled with love and eyebrows luminous cluster.
Come, O Beloved Master come…
Thy tresses art like fibres of silk which emit glory of God.
I'd like to sacrifice both worlds for a single hair on Thy head, O Lord.
Come, O Beloved Master come…

Mukhdá suhává sehaj dhun báni, sun-sun páván kant nisháni.
Raseele bain at mitthadi boli, mitávan tapat hirade di á já.
Á já piáre Satgur á já.
Suchchi dáhri chháti te áve, baggi ho ho noor barsáve.
Láli nám di bhá pai máre, garibi sikhávan vále á já.
Á já piáre Satgur á já.

P-6

Ápne piá de kol, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Nadi tháthán pai máre, pár baithá sajjan pukáre.
Dil rehandá ná mool, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Sohni prem di mári, ho ke viákul bhári.
Dáhdhi ishq vich choor, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Lá ke siro-sir bázi, ban ke preetam di main dási.
Merá koi nahin hor, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Chhad ke dunián de hásse, kite us full patáse.
Ápni jindadi ná rol, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Lá ke preet di dori, kadi ná si oh doli.
Pahunchi ákhir preetam de kol, háe ve asan jáná zaroor.
Main vi ái dar tere, pándi jogan vále fere.
Meri jindari ná rol, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Piá dar tere di dási, hoi hán sakhat udási.
Hun tán daron ná mod, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.
Sáwan tere jehá ná koi, málik tere bájh ná koi.
Ik vári tán bol, háe ve asán jáná zaroor.

Thy face is charming, voice like sound current which is symbolic of the Beloved,
Thy language and words are honeyous which assuage the heat of heart.
Come, O Beloved Master come…
Thy beard spreads down Thy chest, being milky, it emits lustre of kindness.
Thy countenance emits red tint of the Word, Thou always teach meekness.
Come, O Beloved Master come…

P-6

To my Beloved; go I must.
The river is in spate and the Beloved calls out to me from the other shore.
My heart can't restrain; go I must.
The soul absorbed in love sighs ceaselessly and restlessly.
How can it love contain? Go I must.
I've entered this arena of love, placing head upon the palm.
None else now belong to me; go I must.
Shed all funs and frolics, crush all desires of this world.
Don't fritter away life of Thee; go I must.
Being embedded in him, the soul never wavered.
At last it reached its Beloved; go I must.
I've also come to Thy door like a wandering mendicant.
Do not pick over my life, O Lord; go I must.
Being miserably sad, I've become servant at Thy door.
Now donot turn me away; go I must.
'Sawan' there is no one like Thee, no God but Thou.
Now talk to me even once anyway; go I must.

P-7

Áhán merián dardán bharián, sáran lok sabháe.
Seene áshiq lokán táin, har dam ang bhadkáe.
Ik ik áh nikal ke báhar, bhunn sutte jag sárá.
Dardi dilán áshqán táin, fook jaláeá sárá.
Jad main agge já kise de, sunáván hál hijar dá.
Sir ton lai ke pairán teekar, sárá hi sad baldá.
Chadhde Sáwan rondi dhondi, bágán vall uth dháván.
Utthe sáreá sabh jag sárá, merián baldián áhán.
Piá piárá be-parváhá, karán main ki kárá.
Ásan málá zindadi ápni, dar us de ton várán.
Hai koi mehram sandesh mere noon, pás piá lai jáve.
Hál haqiqat dil di sári, us noon fol sunáve.
Karo mehar mehrán de dáte, ján jáe kurlá ke.
Ájiz bándi dar tere di, már ná mainoon rulá ke.
Sáde vallon chitt uthâeá, horán noon parcháo.
Dassin oh mukhdá noori ápná, hor nahin tarsáo.
Main maskeen nimáni Sáwan, dar tere te ái.
Váste ápne málik de piáre, mainoon chheti mukh dikháin.

P-8

Ishq de pech kuvalle, duhái ve loko.
Ján tamáche ná jhalle, duhái ve loko.
Dil merá tadafe, akh sharmáve.
Má jhidake, dil pattián padháve.
Jagg rakhná, nále preet nibháuni,
Fatt ne kaleje de alle, duhái ve loko.
Koi pás piá lai challe, duhái ve loko.
Ishq de pech kuvalle, duhái ve loko.
Máhi ve muháviá taras kamá lai.
Fazlán de bede chádh lagá lai.
Paisá nahion mere palle, duhái ve loko.

P-7

My sighs art very mournful, these wilt burn the whole world.
The hearts of love-striken art always ablaze in reality.
Even a single sigh if springs out wilt reduce the whole world to ashes.
The agonized hearts of lovers art burnt in entirety.
When I tell anyone of the inner state of my separation,
He starts burning right from bottom to top.
When the month of 'Sawan' dawns, I run weeping to the gardens.
There my sighs set everything on fire non-stop.
The Beloved is quite unmindful; what should be done to bring him round?
I'll sacrifice my prayer mat, rosary and even life for Him.
Is there any messenger who can convey my message to the Beloved?
And the reality of my heart also tell Him?
O Merciful Lord! Shower Thy mercy otherwise I'll lose my breath.
I'm helpless servant at Thy door, pray, don't mercilessly kill me.
Ye woo other souls and have forgotten this slave of Thine.
Without any delay, kindly show Thy radiant face to me.
This humble slave hath come to Thy door, O Master.
Reveal Thy countenance to me for the sake of Thy own Master.

P-8

The screws of love are crooked, I make hue and cry, O people.
I can't bear the thrashings of love, though I try.
My mother scolds me but my heart teaches me tricks.
My heart is writhing and my eyes are shy.
To gain this world and to keep love intact are poles asunder.
The wounds of my heart are green, I clamour, no wonder.
The screws of love are crooked, O take me to my Beloved.
Make me board the boat of compassion, take pity on me, O Beloved.
I don't have any merit, I make it vividly clear.
I make hue and cry, O Lord! Come near, come near.

P-9

Uth jág safar nooon jáná ae, eh dunián musáfirkháná ae.
Is sipp chon motián jáná ae, já ke hárán vich lag jáná ae.
Asán dunián ton chale jáná ae, eh duniá musáfirkháná ae.
Full táhni noon chhadd jáná ae, tutt ke mud táhni ná lagáná ae.
Sánoon khabar nahin asán vi jáná ae, uth jág musáfir jáná ae.
Je full táhni noon chadd dendá, kadi bhull ke táhni nál lagándi ná.
Kar safar je safar noon jáná ae, uth jág musáfir jáná ae.

P-10

Ehá karam karin toon ápná, yá rab mere táin.
Ik dam visare yád ná teri, man jáe ná hor kitháin.
Vall ápne toon lai chall mainoon, ráh bhulli main sáián.
Mehfil meri toon kar zindá, pá ferá ápná sáián.
Is kumláe hirade táin, toon kar tázá á ke.
Premá bhagti bakhsh asánoon, bhar de jind fir á ke.
Noori báte ishqán vále, bhar bhar peete jis ne.
Apná áp sajjan vich pá ke, jindá kitá jis ne.
Dil oh jo nál piá de, nám kamávan lag jáve.
Oh rooh jo cháh prem di, dilbar kol lai jáve.
Jhoothe veham khiálán andar, aiven umar guzári.
Sáwan peer tere dar ái, sun meri yáchná sári.

P-9

Get up, ye art to set on a long and tedious journey.
This world is an inn.
The soul is to go out of this physical frame,
We art to leave as this world is an inn.
The flower once separated, can't be attached again to the branch.
We know not when we're to leave, get up, O traveller.
The flower once fallen is never allowed to rejoin the branch.
Set on journey if ye really art to travel, get up, O traveller! thou have to leave.

P-10

O God! Shower Thy grace on me,
So that even for a moment I may not forget Thee.
My mind may not wander here and there.
O Lord! Drag me to Thee, I've gone astray elsewhere.
Coming to my abode, make it lively and tasteful.
Pray, come to refresh my withered mind and make it fruitful.
Fill my life by bestowing love-laden devotion.
Who hath drunk from the bowls of love is steeped in meditation.
He hath been revived by Lord's spiritual impulse and touch.
That is the real one who meditates on His name too much.
That soul which yearns for love, reached the Lord.
I've lost my life in delusive vagaries and thought.
O Master 'Sawan'! Now I've come to Thy door.
Listen to my prayer, so that I may not wander anymore.

P-11

Aie preetmá is kookar táin, khair daras di páin.
Bajhon tere dard mere dá, vákif koi náhin.
Kutthi lutti Ishq tere vich, dar tere te ái.
Toon hi vákif nabz meri dá, karin iláj duhái.
Tere jehá vaid ná koi ditthá, vich do jahánin.
Hor koi jáne sár ná meri, sáre is jahánin.
Tere milan dián tánghán sánoon, jáne khalqat sári.
Jaldi dass asán noon piáre, mukhdá ápná noori.
Jad tikan tainoon vekh ná laván, hove náhin saboori.
Jad di sohni soorat teri, Sáwan nazar vich ái.
Veham khiál door hoe sáre, gam sáde door karáin.

P-12

Oh sohná ená sohná si, ján dissdá si chann chadhdá si.
Man moti lai lai hanjhuán de, darbár oh de vich jardá si.
Oh de chár chufere dekhi main, ghumdi si masti kudrat di.
Oh iko ik hi dekhi main, dunián te hasti kudrat di.
Oh noon vekh-vekh ke fullán te, ik navin javáni áundi si.
Kalián de háse khirde si, akkhián vich masti gáundi si.
Oh de nainán 'chon lai chamak damak, bijli chamkáre sikkhe si.
Ise lai bhinni raindie, pae chamkan táre disse si.
Oh solán kalá sanpooran si, har sáj di mitthi tán si oh.
Besamjhán lai insán si oh, par bhagtán lai Bhagwán si oh.
Oh keho-jehá si kaisá si, nahin ditti já tasbih sakdi.
Je kade koi galti kar baithe, oh di moorakhtá nahin jee sakdi.
Oh noor iláhi shántmai, jad masti de vich áundá si.
Dubbe hoe pápi bandián de, banne te bede láundá si.
Oh nigáh nál hi dendá si, kar daulatmand faqirán noon.
Si káse hath fadá dendá, kai hainkadkhán amirán noon.
Oh chamkán de-de dharti de, zarre noon sooraj kardá si.
Jihnoon lokin károon kehande si, oh kookar oh de dar dá si.

P-11

O Lord! Give alms of Thy glimpse to this dog of Thee.
No one else is cognizant of agony and pain of me.
I, being intoxicated with Thy love, have come to Thy door.
O, treat my malady, grace and compassion Ye on me pour.
There is no physician as Ye art in two worlds.
Ye know of my condition which can't be expressed in words.
The whole world knows that I yearn to meet Thee.
O Beloved! Show Thy radiant face at once to me.
I can't content until I've glimpse of Thee.
All evil thoughts and miseries had fled, when Thy form appeared before me.

P-12

He was utterly charming like the rising moon.
My mind used to embed pearls of tears in His room.
The ardent passions of nature'd spin around my Lord.
He was the only personage possessing all wonders of God.
Seeing Him the flowers 'd derive new vitality.
The buds'd burst into laughter and eyes behold Divinity.
From the lustre of His eyes, the lightning learnt to spread light.
This is why O night, the stars learnt to shine so bright.
He was endowed with all powers and was keynote of all musical instruments.
He was God for devotees and man for the ignorants.
What was He and like whom he was, no example can be quoted.
If anyone by mistake tried to compare him, his effort proved futile and flouted.
He was a calm godly radiance, when he'd become intoxicated pollen.
He'd ferry across the sinking boats of sinners and down-trodden.
He, by His grace would enrich even the born paupers.
And also He'd turn the haughty rich into destitute lepers.
He'd cast His lustrous sight on the earth and make every particle a sun.
At His door was like a dog even the wealthiest one.

Oh si partakkh parmán nahin, koi shai bhi oh de tull di nahin.
Eh dunián di daulat dissdi jo, oh di dhoodi de vi mull di nahin.
Oh akkh ján gehri kardá si, ságar dá seená sardá si.
Oh ghoori vatt je laindá, si, sooraj ná dardá chadhdá si.
Oh noon chann sitáre ambar vi, jhuk jhuk ke sijde karde si.
Ban ban ke baddal Sáwan de, oh dá á á páni bharde si.
Oh kaun si mehram dass devan, oh Sáwan Singh piárá si.
Oh Jaimal Singh dián akkhán dá, arshán ton áeá tárá si.

P-13

Kad milsi main birhon satái noon.
Áp ná áven ná likh bhejen, bhath ajehi lái noon.
Tain jehá koi hor ná jánán, main sool satái noon.
Rátin dine árám ná mainoon, kháve birhá kasái noon.
Bájh tere dhrig jivná merá, jooe ján harái noon.

P-14

Kithe vassen kithe main labbhán tainoon, mainoon dass vi koi ná pái hoi ae.
Jagat beleán vich main bhál thakki, khabre kithe shakal chhupái hoi ae.
Ratá chain vi lain ná dendi ae, teri sikk ne jind tadafái hoi ae.
Sajjná vekh khán vich udeek teri, nainán mereán ne khaibar lái hoi ae.
Teri bhent lai kujh nahin kol mere, sári sammagri teri banái hoi ae.
Tere daras lai jind atkái hoi ae, oh vi tali de utte tikái hoi ae.

He was His own example, He was just unparallel and peerless.
Worth of His dust is not the wealth of the entire universe.
When He'd deepen His sight, even the bossom of ocean'd burn.
When He'd raise His brows, the sun'd not rise out of fear in its turn.
Even the moon and stars of the sky would prostrate before Him.
The clouds of rainy season would carry water for Him.
Who was He, may I tell? He was the most dear 'Sawan Singh'.
He had come from True Region and was an apple of eyes of 'Jaimal Singh'.

P-13

When will Ye meet this intense love-stricken one?
Set fire to such attachment as doth not make Ye write or come.
To this agonized one, there is none like Thee.
I'm ever restless, the butcher of love torment me.
Fie on my life without Thee.
Everything hath been gambled away by me.

P-14

Since Ye've not told me about Thy whereabouts,
Ye art somewhere else, I look for Ye here.
I've exhausted myself searching for Thee in the wilderness,
Ye've hidden Thyself, but it is unknown where.
This pang of separation doth not give me respite or rest,
That is why I'm constantly writhing.
O Friend! In waiting for Thee in this world,
My eyes are unceasingly pouring.
Whatever was mine, now I've dedicated to Thee.
To make an offering now, there is nothing left with me.
This life-breath I've retained in the hope of Thy glimpse,
I've placed my life on the palm to offer as a gift to Thee.

P-15

Gall kiti te gall pai nibháni lodie.
Shmán de prváne vángoon jaldeán ang ná modie.
Háthi ishq mahávat ránjhá, ankush de de hodie.
Sun ve loká merá hauká, laggdi preet ná todie.
Dast vikáni vikáni hán ve main, hun ujar ki rakkhán.
Bhatth khedeán dá giri chhuhárá,
Zehar ránjhan di khand kar chakkhán.
Sun yár gumánián ve, inhin gallin sánoon tárdá.
Nainán di náv kare so langhe, doonghá ghát piár dá.
Rát andheri galián chikkad, main bharvásá yár dá.
Sun piáreá ras-bhinná dholná, nadion pár utárdá.

P-16

Gallán mitthián mitthde dholne dián,
Thande sáh bharendeán bhull gaián.
Asin ruldián rull kharull gaián,
Kehián dard andherián jhull gaián.
O mereá Sáwaná vich udeek teri,
Attharoo dullhdeán dullhdeán dullh gaián.
Jamál jinhán de shauh pardesi,
Oh tattián rull kharull gaián.
Háe kantán válián noon ki sár sádi,
Asin kehde trájuán tull gaián.
'Jamál' ne kant handháeá rajj ke ná,
Peenghán chadhián huláreon khull gaián.

P-15

Promise once given, must be executed in toto without blinking,
Like a moth one must sacrifice one's life without shrinking.
Love is an elephant and its driver is the Beloved,
Who use goad to control its movements.
Listen, O people, to my sighs,
True love be not shattered in false commitments.
I'm prepared to be sold out from one hand to another,
Like a bound share and his sheet.
The dry fruits of this world are like fire,
But the poison administered by the Beloved is sweet.
Listen O Beloved, Ye take me across the deep waters of love,
In the strong boat of Thy eyes with might.
I've full faith in the Beloved,
Though muddy are the lanes and pitch dark the night.
Listen, O Beloved, Ye take me across this ocean of existence,
Casting Thy compassionate sight.

P-16

Ye sweet and Thy words sumptuous, O Beloved.
I'm uncared for and ' ve gone astray.
I forgot heaving cold sighs,
Because hurricane of misery hath blown me away.
O Maser, I 'm waiting for Thee,
My eyes are shedding copious tears.
The ones whose husbands live overseas,
They feel uncared for without their dears.
The ones who have Beloved with them,
Can't assess my deplorable plight.
This one was not fully satiated with His company,
When the swing of love broke casting dark night.

P-17

Changi maut vichhode de dukh kolon,
Pai tadafdi ján beemár di ae.
Gai bhull Jahán di aish-o-ishrat,
Hardam yád rehandi dildár di ae.
Sohná hass ke kare kalám náhin,
Akkhán vich firdi soorat yár di ae.
Main tatti noon devin toon mel piárá,
Rabbá ás tere darbár di ae.

P-18

Chadhde **Chet** noon chitt udás hoeá,
Jis din dá piá vichhod baithi.
Kiti arz hoi manzoor náhin,
Hatth pair batherde jod baithi.
Sohná mude nahin kar kand tureá,
Lakkhán hárde vasilde jod baithi.
Us vakat noon rován preetmá ve,
Jis velde akkhián jod baithi.

Áeá máh **Visákh** nahin pás máhi,
Lái agg vichhode ne már vichon.
Lá ke neh sahedeá dukkh main tán,
Páeá sukh ná es piár vichon.
Jiven vichdi koonj kurlánvadi ae,
Te vichhdi rovandi dár vichon.
Kháli thán tudh bájh piáreá ve,
Dar ávandá ghar bár vichon.

P-17

I prefer death to separation,
I'm writhing feeling sick without Thee.
I've forgotten all luxuries of this world,
Ye art ever remembered and longed for by me.
The Beloved doth not talk to me smilingly,
But His form ever remains in my eyes.
Pray, come and meet this ailing one,
O God, I hope for Thy court so high.

P-18

Indian Twelve Months
CHET (Mid March to mid April)
When Chet set in, I fell sad,
Because from that day I forgot my Beloved.
I made supplication which was not acceded to,
Though entreaties were made with hands folded.
I've made all out efforts to bring round the Beloved,
But He did not turn His face to me.
Now I curse that day of misfortune and dark night,
When I fell in love with Thee.
VAISAKH (Mid April to mid May)
The month of Vaisakh hath ushered in,
But the Beloved is not with me.
This separation hath set me on fire,
I've got lamentation from this love of Thee.
When the curlew gets separation from its mate,
It ever keeps crying restlessly.
Similarly I did not find even an iota of comfort,
When I was sent away from Thee.
O Beloved! Without Thee there is void everywhere,
Even hearth and home look terrifying, what to speak of here and there.

Jeth heth firák de hoi muddat,
Akkhian takkdián thakkián ráh terá.
Karke nazar toon ik mehar váli,
Kadi kulli meri vich páin ferá.
Nahin tán ghall sunehdá ávne dá,
Atthe pehar rehndá mainoon cháo terá.
Tere bájh merá koi hor náhin,
Koi bane ná yár ásrá merá.

Chadhde **Hadh** ujád Jahán disse,
Peedán vich kalejde laggián ne.
Mil já piáreá ik vári,
Asán bohat judáián takkián ne.
Je main jánadi kadi ná piár páundi,
Mere nál je honián thaggián ne.
Mainoon gaeon ujád piáreá ve,
Kalmán dhuron dargáh dián vaggián ne.

Chadheá máh **Sáwan** laggá hijar távan,
Tatti lakkh hazár pukár kiti.
Tadpe machhli váng din rát hardám,
Ján gamán ne pakad shikár kiti.
Dasso koi lláj sahelio ni,
Dar piá de ishq khuvár kiti.
Mangán maut ná mile piáreá oe,
Chhutte ján jo hijar beemár kiti.

Bhádon bhág ulte mere rabb vallon,
Challe koi meri tadbeer náhin.
Ásán dil dián reh gaián dil andar,
Preetam ján ditti taqdir náhin.
Sukhi vasdeán yár judá kitá,
Kiti os di koi taksir náhin.

JETH (Mid May to mid June)
It is very long in Jeth since I'm separated,
My eyes 've got tired looking for Thee.
O come to my cottage and cast a glance,
Of grace, compassion and mercy on me.
Kindly send a message of Thy coming,
I'm constantly longing to have a glance of Thee.
No one else is my prop and support,
There is none mine but Thee.

HARH (Mid June to mid July)
This world in Harh appears to me like a desert,
Because my heart is in lamentation .
O Beloved! Thou come to see my plight even once,
I've borne depression of many a separation.
Had I known the deceit I'd never 've fallen in love,
But I've been swindled in ignorance.
O Beloved! Thou've left me in the lurch,
It might be ordained so by the Providence.

SAWAN (Mid July to mid August)
The separation in Sawan has made me writhe,
I made thousands of implorations unto Thee for relief.
I writhed like a fish out of water day in and day out,
Lamentations 've pounded upon my life.
O Friends! Tell me of an effective remedy,
The Love hath inflicted malady upon me.
I beg for death which is not vouchsafe,
That is why the disease of separation doth not leave me.

BHADON (Mid August to mid Sept)
My bad luck in Bhadon hath put me in adverse situation,
I do not find any way out of this predicament.
All my hopes 've dashed to the ground,
Beloved! Thou gave me life of ill-luck for which I lament.
I lived in comfort but the Beloved separated me,
For that I've committed no such crime.

Kite jatan hazár piáreá oe,
Galon gamán de lehan zanjir náhin.

Assoo ás teri vich sajjná ve,
Sáde nitt firák di agg mainoon.
Lá ke piár te gaeon visár kiddhre,
Mileá yár banársi thagg mainoon.
Tadpe neem-bismil ájiz ján meri,
Agg gai vichhode di lagg mainoon.
Dhur di likhi ná mude piáreá ve,
Gai kalam taqdir di vagg mainoon.

Kattak katt rován nitt vain kar kar,
Ajj pás hamdard ná koi sayyo.
Jehdá yár mehram chhadd vatan geá,
Ján tang vichhode ton hoi sayyo.
Fas gai ján anján vich án dukkhán,
Ná main jivandi te ná main moi sayyo.
Nitt puchhdi firán piáreá oe,
Lokin kehan mainoon vehshan hoi sayyo.

Magghar máh moi dukhi ján hoi,
Jáni dass ni geá nishán koi.
Jáván des kehde sad gae lekh mere,
Firán dhoondhdi pandit giáni koi.
Karke geon rogi dukkhán dard jogi,
Es gall dá nahin si dhián koi.
Lavin sár jaldi toon piáreá oe,
Meri Ján labán te odak án hoi.

Poh paián museebtán pesh mere,
Gam de gae khá hole lame vain paián.
Jinhán vassdián de ujjad gae kháne,
Din rát rovan kar kar vain paián.

O Beloved! I 've made thousands of endeavours,
But the noose of miseries hath not left neck of mine.

ASSU (Mid Sept. to mid Oct.)

O Beloved! In Assu I'm burning round the clock,
In the fire of extermination from Thee.
Ye forgot me like a seasoned swindler,
After enkindling a spark of love in me.
I'm writhing like a half dead and helpless person,
Because the fire of separation is consuming me.
Whatever is ordained can't be evaded,
I'll've to face what the pen of fate hath written for me.

KATTAK (Mid Oct to mid Nov)

I'm wailing and weeping in Kattak, no well-wisher is with me.
My Beloved hath left for His abode, in separation I'm pining intensely.
I being ignorant fell into the net of miseries,
Neither am I alive nor dead.
I'm constantly enquiring of others about Thy whereabouts,
And they take me as an insane kid.

MAGGHAR (Mid Nov. To mid Dec.)

My soul in Magghar is lamenting,
Because the Beloved didn't tell me His address.
I'm running from pillar to post in search of His acquaintance,
And my fate hath gone from bad to worse.
I was unaware in toto,
That Ye'd put me into a dungeon of miseries and pain.
O Beloved! I'm at the verge of death,
Come at once to assuage my pain.

POH (mid Dec. to mid Jan.)

All problems and dilemmas in Poh 've gripped me,
I'm crying in depression.
The ones whose shelters 've crumbled down,
Are miserable as They 've lost principal and gain.
They bear the thrust of separation at a stretch,

Atthe pehar judái dá sall jánan,
Oh par Jag te firan bechain paián.
Teri vich udeek piáreá oe,
Takkán ráh terá baith vich sayyán.

Chadhde **Mágh** baith dukkhán tángh máhi,
Tutte jeev vich milan di ás náhin.
Tere milne di cháh din rát mainoon,
Toon kion sadd dá mainoon pás náhin.
Dáhdhi tang pai hán maut mang rahi hán,
Dukhi ján ae nikalde swás náhin.
Guzre nál mere jo jo piáreá oe,
Dassán hál kis noon toon te pás náhin.

Faggan fakk kitá khooni ishq mainoon,
Mere bachan di koi umeed náhin.
Rehndá cháu terá hun te pá ferá,
Ján jápdi vich sharir náhin.
Malkul maut áeá jind lain káran,
Dendá palak vi lain thalir náhin.
Mardi vár main vekhán piáreá oe,
Dassán mukh sohná injh Hari táin.

And wander restlessly in wordly trance.
O Beloved I'm waiting for Thee,
My eyes are pining for Thy glance.

MAAGH (Mid Jan. to Mid Feb.)
In Maagh I'm writhing painfully for my Beloved,
Now I'm totally forlorn with no support save Thee.
Although I've intense longing to have Thy glimpse,
Yet, to Thee, Thou doth not call me.
I'm now utterly fed up and pray for death,
Even then the breath doth not leave me.
Whatever deplorable is going on within this ailing one,
Whom should I tell, when Ye art not beside me.

PHAGGAN (Mid Feb. to mid Mar.)
In Phaggan, the murderer-love hath rendered me colourless,
There is no hope for my survival.
Pray, come and make Thy appearance ,
It looks my soul hath left this body before Thy arrival.
The messenger of death hath come to snatch my soul,
He doth not give lease even for a split of second.
I want to have a look Thy countenance at my death,
So that I may tell God how charming was Thy face at my end.

P-19

Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie tánghán sohne yár dián.
Áp sadá málik sang rehnde, rát dine asin dukhde sehnde.
Baihar-e-gamán vich hardam vehnde, ár di hán ná pár di hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Bháge bharián roohán terián, nál tere jo hardam rahián.
Asán museebtán lakkh lakkh sahián, baith gitián gáldi hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Poori ás umid ná hoi, haddon báhar baith main roi.
Tain bin preetmá jivandeán moi, ján tere ton várdi hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Pá ke gallán gallán vich dukhdá, jagg sárá peá disse rukhdá.
Jaldi án vikháo mukhdá, bhukhdi tere deedár di hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Toon málik main bándi teri, darshan piá dain ik veri.
Jaldi karin ná lávin deri, bhukhdi tere deedár di hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Kitthe gaeon háe Sáwan piáre, bándi ro-ro umar guzáre.
Gin ni hán rát baith main táre, din tak tak ráhán guzárdi hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Sau sau vári mainoon khwábán áián, bhull geon mainoon mere sáián.
Pahle nál mere kyon láián, gallán eh ázár dián.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

P-19

O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
Ye always live in close proximity of God,
Whereas I ever bear the brunt of lamentation.
I remain in the sea of miseries,
Art neither on this nor on that station.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
Those souls are very lucky,
Which live in Thy holy company.
I've borne thousands of troubles,
In vain pursuits without Thy sympathy.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
My wish hath not been fulfilled,
I kept weeping endlessly,
O Beloved! I've died even living,
I sacrifice my life for Thee.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
I've acquired all pains,
For me this world hath turned tasteless.
Come at once and show me Thy face,
I'm hungry for Thy glimpse.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
O Master! Where're Ye gone?
This slave spends life in depression.
At night I count stars,
In day I look to Thy direction.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
I had hundreds of dreams,
Ye've totally forgotten me.
Why did Ye love me in the first instance,
Which hath put me in the well of misery.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.

Piáre Sáwan tere bin moi hán, darshan biná main págal hoi hán.
Pardeon báhar á Sáwan roi hán, gallán kar hun piár dián.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

Maitthon changián juttián terián, main tatti door páván ferián.
Háe chheti ávin gamán ne gheri hán, bhukhdi Sáwan deedár di hán.
Challo ni sayyo Sarse noon challie ...

P-20

Chetti vekh najoomián fál pá ke,
Merá yár baithá derá lá kitthe.
Dhoondh bhál thakki main jag sárá,
Hoeá gum merá dilrubá kitthe.
Hoeá jivná yár bin bohat mushkil,
Geá ján noon rog lagá kitthe.
Mangi maut ná mildi ae piáreá oe,
Khabre gai ajj meri kazá kitte.

Beloved 'Sawan'! I'm miserably dead without Thee,
I've become insane without getting a glimpse of Thee.
O Master! Come out of veil now,
And in a lovely way talk to me.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.
Thy shoes are better than me,
I, miserable, have gone astray.
Come at once, I hunger for Thy glimpse,
I'm surrounded by miseries in every way.
O Friends! Let us go to Sirsa to have a glimpse of the Beloved.

P – 20

O Astrologer! Tell me at once the auspicious omen,
Where my Beloved hath made His residence.
I'm tired searching in all directions,
Where my Beloved hath hidden himself, there fails my intelligence.
My life hath become an unbearable burden without Him,
Where hath He gone, having rendered me chronically diseased.
I pray for death, but it is not vouchsafed to me,
I even don't know where my death hath fled.

P-21

Zikar mahiboob dá karán hardam,
Vissar hor jahán di kár gai.
Sukh gae te dukkh mil gae mainoon,
Sukhán váldi ladd bahár gai.
Pai gae waqt kuvallde án mainoon,
Ajj de kismat mainoon hár gai.
Lá si pár toofán de vichon Sáwan,
Hálán dubb bedi manjhdhár gai.
Ápe mel ke hun vichhod challe,
Hass rass ke piá judá ho gae.
Háe dosh afsos hun deán kis noon,
Mande mujh garib de bhág ho hae.
Jehde yár mehram mere nál de san,
Oho ajj dushman mere sakhat ho gae.
Dassán dile dá hál já fol kis noon,
Jo jo main maskin de waqt ho gae.
Hove Rám hun án sahái mere,
Karsán bird main dam dam terá.
Main tán Rám andar Rám Rám hosán,
Rám Rám karsi ik ik loon merá.
Suneá ákhde lok sukhalldá ae,
Gall jhooth ae prem nibhaun aukhá.
Ban ban bane áshiq jhoothe kare dáve,
Agg váng patang jalán aukhá.
Vagge is jhaná dá lál páni,
Pár langhná hijar toofán aukhá.
Itthe sirán de vanaj ne piáreá oe,
Mushkil pahunchná os muqám aukhá.
Doonghá bohat samundar prem válá,
Jis dá hadd hisáb ná koi saukhá.

P 21

I repeat the name of Beloved,
All else hath become alien to me.
The spring of all delights hath ended,
And all miseries ‘ve clung to me.
The ill omened time hath overpowered,
And my luck hath defeated me.
My boat hath drowned in midstream,
O Master! It is to be dragged out of whirlpool by Thee.
Ye kept me in Thy close proximity,
And now Ye are parting from me.
I can’t blame anyone else for this,
My luck hath separated me from Thee.
Those who wert my close friends,
They’ve turned foe to me.
To whom should I expose my heart,
Bad time hath made wretched of me.
Please come to rescue this one,
Every moment I pray unto Thee.
Every hair of mine repeat Thy name,
I want that Thou merge in me and I in Thee.
I’ve heard people say it’s easy to love,
But the reality is quite reverse as is known to me.
Many a person hath become so called-lovers,
But to sacrifice life over fire like a moth appears tough to be.
It’s uphill task to cross a river in spate,
With a simultaneous hurricans as it strikes to me.
Here the bargain is struck by seeing one’s own lead,
It’s difficult to get to that region as is known to me.
The ocean of love is very deep.
Its depth can’t be rounded by me.

P-22

Jis kisi á Sáwan di, khabar suni ik vári.
Dilon áb vehandá jándá, do chashmán thin jári.
Á mehboob milán gall ro-ro, jágan zakhm puráne.
Má zorán de dil de purze, vekh chashmán thin jáne.
Ho mehboob karibon nede, birhon chábuk láve.
Te furqat di jazbátkári, kis thin jhalli jáve.
Door rehán dá sabar dilán noon, katt ná sakde vátán.
Pápián de dil de jigare, pae jalan vich vátán.
Dooron sek lagge par thodá, farak badá mehsoolon.
Báhán vich gale mildeán, jalde rakat masoolon.
Seene lát birhon dá sozá, ján maksad sad jáve.
Loon loon de vich josh racháve, sabar tamám jaláve.
Te oh eddá galbá páve, tán mán sabh khasse.
Janjirián ghatt[t] qadam baháve, piá challe ná nasse.

P-23

Jekar lá ke akkhián nass jáná,
Es dá hune hi patá toon dass mainoon.
Ausián pánvadi te karná rehem har dam,
Márin zulm de tir ná kass mainoon.
Toon shehansháh main hán gulám teri,
Zálam hijar de pávin ná vass mainoon.
Pichhlá gussá afsos hun chhadd devo,
Dasso gall dil di hass rass mainoon.
Háe Alláh noon hál máloom merá,
Dilbar ho geá sárá jahán dushman.
Ik hove ná tusán di deed kiddhare,
Doojá ján meri pae satán dushman.
Sánoon vekh ikatthade baitheán noon,
Kasam rabb di hoe hairán dushman.
Piáre kise noon nál ná behan dende,
Sadan pae te sádan badgumán dushman.

P-22

Whosoever hath heard of 'Sawan' even once,
His heart melts and flows out through the eyes.
O Beloved! Come my old wounds 've started oozing,
My heart hath shattered into pieces, see with Thine eyes.
Intense love beats me with strong whip,
Who can bear the pangs of separation from Thee?
Who is satiated being away, the lover can't tolerate the distance.
The heart of this sinner ever burns being away from Thee.
The heat from distance is felt but little,
If one embraces Him, is burnt to the last drop of blood.
A flame of intense love is ever burning in the heart,
It injects zest in every pore and burns patience-stud.
It so overpowers, all pride and haughtiness flee,
He grips us in shackles, then how can one be.

P 23

If Ye art to leave after making me fall in love with Thee,
At once please tell me.
Kindly do not shoot arrows of tyranny towards me,
Instead take pity I implore Thee.
Ye art Emperor and I'm Thy slave,
Please do not throw me in the net of separation.
Tell me smilingly whatever is in Thy mind,
And pray forget all my old omissions and deviation.
O Beloved! Only God knows the deplorable plight of my mind,
The whole world hath stood against me.
I do not get Thy glimpse anywhere,
And the enemies are constantly torturing me.
When the foes saw us sitting together,
By God, they felt stunned.
The worldly people do not allow me to sit in Thy company,
They torture in suspicion taking me as accused.

P-24

Je koi puchhe mere páson, kaun hai dilbar terá.
Merá oho preetam piárá, jisdá har thán derá.
Ná oh mare ná áve jáve, oh sangi har dam merá.
Kare sár sabh jiá jant di, oh Sáwan preetam merá.
Us piáre de milne táin, koi iláj batáo.
Mere andar cháh use di, us de nál miláo.

P-25

Je main jánadi máli naráz honá,
Bhull full noon chunjh ná lánvadi main.
Mal ke full noon kare behál jehdá,
Táhni kadkadi kadi ná vekhdi main.
Shálá bhalá hove málak piárade dá,
Jis rehn dittá bootá vekhsán main.
Bulbul cháhvandi hor ná jagg andar,
Khirde fullán noon vekh umar guzársán main.

P-26

Dáchi váleá ve iddhar mod dáchi,
Laván chumm muhárán te tallián ni.
Bhar bhar bedián de poor pár hoe,
Rahán udeek vich kise di khalli hán ni.
Háe kutthde ishq ne luttdi main,
Firán mutthdi deed 'Jamál' di main.
Litán litán kholián te hanjhoo roli hán main,
Jangal bháuni hán piá noon bháldi main.
Nahí kol máhi, dávandol hoi hán,
Kis noon fol dassán gall hál di main.
Lagge teer sharir vich birhon vále,
Akkhin neer di nehar uchháldi main.

P-24

If some one asks me, "Who is Thy Beloved?"
The one who pervades everywhere.
He is immortal, beyond transmigration and ever by me.
'Sawan' lookth after all creatures here and there.
O Friends! Tell me how to meet Him.
I've a burning desire to merge with Him.

P-25

If I knew that the gardener would get offended,
I'd never touched even a single flower.
The branch never bears to see the one,
Which rips and tortures bud and flower.
May all honour and credit go to my Beloved,
Who protected the plants bearing flowers.
The nightingale desires nothing in the world,
If spends its life seeing the beautiful flowers.

P -26

O camel driver! Turn thy camel this way,
So that I may kiss its tract and ring.
Boat loads of passengers 've been ferried across,
But I'm standing still waiting.
I've been intoxicated and swindled by love,
Though I'm deceived, I long to see my Beloved.
My tresses are scattered and tears overflowing,
I'm wandering in the forest to look for the Beloved.
My Beloved is not with me and I'm faltering,
I cannot expose what is going on within me.
The arrows of separation 've struck me deep,
The stream of tears is constantly nauseating within me.

P-27

Tudh bin tadafán nitt máhi, jeonkar jal vich máhi,
Á mil máhi.
Mainoon yár visáre ná moole, tainoon qasam iláhi,
Á mil máhi.
Dam dam gam amal tusádá, rován ikko sáhi,
Á mil máhi.

P-28

Tere darshan bájhon hoi hán kamli, jhalli jhall valalli hán main.
Bájh piáre kikan jiván, dukkhán soolán salalli hán main.
Á mil sáián mehar karin toon, firán janglán vich bhulli hán main.
Bájh tere nahin dardi koi, vátán terián nitt mallián main.
Udeekán kardi noon eh din áe, vich ishq tere mar challi hán main.
De daras jiadá balihári, sadke vári gholi hán main.
Háe rabbá oh din kad hosi, milsi á jad máhi main.
Bájhon tere koi ná bháve, vehmán vich rudh challi hán main.

P-29

Tere milne káran piáreá ve, pai lakkh tavij likhávni hán.
Sukkhán sukkhdi sukh di ghadi káran, hatthon dukkh jahán de pávni hán.
Nainon neer bahir zaheer hoi hán, pai koonj de váng kurlávni hán.
Karin bát piá ná bát jáneen, din rát pai gam khávni hán.
Hardam fikar khiál tusádade ne, dittá gam mainoon bhulá beliá oe.
Karke mehar dilásdá chá láo, seene nál mainoon lá beliá oe.
Mile piár tusádre cháa kutthi, teri chál mainoon bhalá beliá oe.
Tere hijar birhon firák andar, hoe sál kai bhalá beliá oe.
Kite kaul qarár ná hár máhi, auganhár noon sabar karár náhin.
Hoeá rang kasár de váng merá, mainoon piáreá manon visár náhin.
Khadi hán darbár pukár karán, mainoon hor koi sarokár náhin.
Ik vár Sáwan deedár devo, bájh ron mainoon hor kár náhin.

P-27

O Beloved! I'm writhing like a fish out of water without Thee.
O Beloved! Come and meet me.
O Beloved! Take oath that Ye will never forget me.
I'm ever weeping and waiting out of love for Thee.
O Beloved! Come and meet me.

P- 28

I'm mad for Thy darshan and 've turned insane,
I live without the Beloved, so I'm lamenting.
With Thy grace, O Beloved! meet me, I'm wandering in the forest,
Without Thee, there is no sympathizer, for Thee I'm longing.
It is long since I've been waiting, now I'm at the verge of death,
Give me Thy glimpse, I'm scarifying everything for Thee.
O God! When that auspicious day of meeting will dawn?
I'm being swept away by delusions, I like none save Thee.

P -29

To meet Thee, O Beloved, I get millions of amulets made,
I ever pray for happiness, but I get miseries.
My tears are unrestrained and cries like a mateless crane,
O Beloved! Ye neither talk nor listen to me, without Thee I ever face agonies.
I'm ever anxious about Thee and 've forgotten everything else,
O Beloved! Come, caress and embrace me.
I'm intoxicated and engrossed entirely in Thy love,
Many years have passed since I've been in separation from Thee.
O Beloved! Ye promised, now don't turn back as I'm restless,
My colour hath turned pale, pray do not forget me.
Standing in Thy court, I make imploration unto Thee,
I'm constantly weeping, come and show Thy glimpse to me.

Rahe nitt udás eh chitt merá, hun tán mil já piáreyá á mainoon.
Din rain ná ánvadá chain sáián, rahe cháh teri á ke mil mainoon.
Rahe nitt bhulávdá terdá oe, ik vár jalvá dikhá mainoon.
Mandá hál piá visál bájhon, jhat án ke gale lagá mainoon.

P-30

Dasso sayyo ján meri vich, kehi shakal nooráni ai.
Kehi chamak mastáni apni, kis ne án dikhái.
Zarre zarre te dohin jaháni, ápni chamak dikhái.
Kaun makánon báhar jehdi, mere andar á samái.
Rom rom vich chamak use di, kehi soorat ban ái.
Dam dam ápná husn dikháve, ban ban dasse shudái.
Nám dhará ke jisam kháki vich, phirdi ravhán mastáni.
Jehda pargat phire is andar, oh kehdá noor pagáni.
Meri ján andar nitt bole, ápni latak dikhá ke.
Tan man koshan kolon vakkhrá, hoke rang jamá ke.
Ápne-áp ton nitt nitt piárá, ápná noor vagáve.
Mere andar áshiq ban ke apná ishq kamáve
Kad teekan anján piáre, vich dui jhat langháve.
Ápná murshad, Sáwan' hun merá keyon ná ápná áp bhuláve.

P-31

Dilá kujh hosh kar máhi, duháián ná macháeá kar.
Ná sad sad ján looheá kar, ná ro-ro jee khapáeá kar.
Shudáeá samajh hun vi, eh chetak chandre chhadd de.
Dilán noon khoh khadan vále, bedardán vall ná jaeá kar.
Bade betras patthar dil, bade dáhdhe bade khote.
Inhán de pás já já ke, ná jhirkán roz kháeá kar.

My mind ever remains sad, O Master, come to meet me.
I do not get even an iota of rest, I ever long to see Thee.
O Beloved! I'm miserable without a glimpse of Thee,
I'm on nails without meeting, come at once to embrace me.

P-30

O Friends! Tell me which resplendent form hath merged in me?
Who is showing illuminating and intoxicating image to me?
He hath revealed His turmoil luminosity everywhere in both the worlds,
From which Spiritual Realm hath He come to merge in me.
His resplendence is omnipresent and He hath come in a strange garb,
He depicts His charming face and also tries to conceal what is He.
He hath appeared in mortal garb and moves in intoxication,
The spiritual Radiance working in Him is ever over-whelming me.
He is ever by my side and shows me His wonderful feats,
His real form and colour are quite different from ye and me.
The Beloved reveals His new and splendid forms daily,
In me He works as a lover and with His godly love surprises me,
How long, ignorant friend, will ye spend thy time in duality,
My Master 'Sawan' hath now become mine and merged in me.

P- 31

O my mind! Come to senses and do not create commotion.
Do not burn thyself nor shed tears in separation.
O ignorant mind! Try to understand and give up trickery way.
Do not keep company with cruels, but with sympathizer ye stay.
The cruels are stone hearted, merciless and callous.
Do not go to them and be spanked as a gallows.

P-32

Deen duni de váli mere, jám vasal dá kadi pilá sánoon.
Tere ishq ne már mukháeá main, dam dam ghadi ghadi bhadke bháh sánoon.
Nain taras rahe tere deedár káran, de ke daras ápná thand pá sánoon.
Tere bájh ná sádá hor koi, bájhon dar tere ná koi thán sánoon.
Váste rabb de ápne piáreá oe, noori mukkhdá kadi dikhá sánoon.
Is hijar firák ton maut changi, á ke ik vári gale lá sánoon.
Tere nainán ne ajehá seená salleá ae, pai gae kalejde gháa sánoon.
Fatti pai piáreá prem bandi, tere bájh ná rahi davá sánoon.
Toon hi hain piáreá man mohan, tere bájh ná hor Khudá sánoon.

P-33

Duee door karen je meri, ki ghat jáve terá.
Bhed ápná je dassen mainoon, harj ki hove terá.
Ján meri labán te ái, kadi áke páven ferá.
Jekar puhchhen hál ki merá, tán ki ghat jáve terá.
Dar dilbar de utte beh ke, kehdá dilbar noon páve.
Je ik rát asán noon deven, ki ghat jáve terá.
Ihnan akkhián nál ná hove, ai dilbar darshan rabb dá.
Ki ghatdá je nál dil de, dassen roop ajal dá.
Prem rabb dá jekar cháhen, sáde andar yárá.
Khudi dil di kaddhde ik vári, khiál gairán dá sárá.
Sun akal toon kad tak mainoon, báharmukhi firáven.
Ki hosi je sabh kujh chhadd ke, ápná áp vanjháven.
Sáwan meet ajab de máhi, main keekan tainoon páván.
Jekar khudi mitá ke ápni, ik qadam chal jáván.

P- 32

O Master of both the worlds, Serve that wine which merges me with Thee.
Thy love hath killed me, the fire of love hath turned violent in me.
Save Thy door I've none to take refuge, I belong to none other than Thee.
My eyes are yearning for Thy glimpse, show Thy glance to pacify me.
For God's sake, do come and grant Thy glimpse to me.
I prefer death to ailing separation, pray come and take me under wings of Thee.
Thy fascinating eyes 've wounded my heart and fully injured me.
This slave of Thine is helpless, there is no remedy save Thee.
Ye are the only mind charmer, there is no other God but Thee.
No other God but Thee, no other God but Thee.

P- 33

Wilt Ye lose anything, if Ye remove duality from my mind?
If Ye reveal Thy true identity, what loss will Ye bear?
I'm at the verge of death, pray visit me at the earliest.
If Ye ask me how I am, what loss will Ye bear?
Who can find the Beloved by sitting at His threshold?
If Ye spare one night for me, what loss will Ye bear?
O Beloved! I know God can't be beheld by these eyes.
If Ye show me that real form, what loss will Ye bear?
If Ye want to instil in my heart the love of the Lord,
Pray, rid me of igoism and all shabby thoughts of this world.
O intellect, listen how long will ye keep me away form God?
What will come about if ye sacrifice everything for the Lord?
O 'Sawan'! Ye art a wonderful companion, how can I see?
It's only possible of giving up egoism I take a step towards Thee.

P-34

Ná koi sukh sunehá pattar, fitt kismat sádi hári noon.
Ná din beete ná chain áve, main pápan karmán mári noon.
Kadon ghadi áve piá mukh láve, main sikk sikk háve mári noon.
Ik vári mukh dikhlá de vári, is nainán kamlán di mári noon.

P-35

Nazar karin main utte Sáwan, tudh bin mool ná sardi,
Háe main mardi - háe main mardi.
Pal pal chintá teri rehandi, val val mintán kardi,
Háe main mardi - háe main mardi.
Tere mukh de lai lai supne, sir sir dukkhde jardi,
Háe main mardi - háe main mardi.
Khá gai peed 'Kirpál' gamán di, á gai munh te zardi,
Háe main mardi - háe main mardi.
Sáwan yár piáre káran, jásan chhod vatan noon,
Chhod vatan noon – chhod vatan noo.
Sakhat vichodá mauton vadh ke, láve bhá chaman noon,
Milán sajjan noon – milán sajjan noon.
Pás piá de ján ná hove, desán ján sajjan noon,
Chhod maran noon – chhor maran noon.
Je ik vár Jamál karáve, vár ghattán tan man noon,
Sunán sukkhan noon – sunán sukkhan noon.
Jad jad dekhan main khán Biásá, thandá jigar ho jáve,
Hijar sadáve – hijar sadáve.
Sáwan satt dá noor tajalli oh noor peá barsáve,
Khooshboo áve – khooshboo áve.
Atári kábe váng disive, maulá hajj karáve,
Ás pujáve – ás pujáve.
Sikk 'Kirpál' lahe tán dil di, je máhi gal láve,
Agg bujháve –agg bujháve.

P- 34

Fie on my luck, I've received no letter, no response from Thee.
My actions are evil and the time hangs heavily upon me.
I'm constantly sighing, when wilt I be hugged by Thee?
O Master! Come once and show Thy resplendent face to me.

P -35

O 'Sawan', cast Thy benign glance on me.
Alack! I'm dying.
I ever think of and pray to Thee.
Alack! I'm dying.
I'm having Thy dreams and bearing all agonies.
Alack! I am dying.
My face hath turned pale, being gnawed by worries.
Alak! I'm dying.
I'm leaving my country for the sake of 'Sawan'.
Alack! I'm leaving.
This separation is more painful than death and burns the garden.
Alack! Is the Beloved meeting?
If the Master doth not meet, I'll give up my life.
Leaving and dying, leaving and dying.
I'll sacrifice my body and mind even for His single glimpse.
How pleasing! How pleasing!
My mind will get peace on seeing His wonderous residence.
Separation? How shocking!
'Sawan' is the embodiment of truth and radiance.
Sweet smelling! Sweet smelling!
His residence is Kaaba and we are the pilgrims.
Hope fulfilling! Hope fulfilling!
The ailing heart will get comfort if the Beloved hugs.
Fire extinguishing! Fire extinguishing!

P-36

Ná main sundar ná gun palle, te main kikan piá rijháván.
Ná chháti tán, ná mán hie vich, te main kikan shauh gal láván.
Ná dil josh huláre khándá, prem ná kasse tanáván.
Ná sikk milan di ná hubb dile vich, fir kyonkar us noon bháván.
Ákho sayyo mainoon sabbhe kukarman, ni main ná laián ishq dián láván.
Háe kojhi main kojh kamáeá, kiven kojhi us noon bháván.
Ná sukh chain ná rain biháve, haun suttdi hi saun jáván.
Je máhi mainoon ishq chuáti lagge, tán lodán jhabbe jhabbe.
Utte thalle andar báhar, oh disse sajje khabbe.
Máe bhág mangán main kis de, háe dil cháu karendá habbe.

P-37

Piáre pilá de piálá, hove visál terá.
Máhi hijar lagáeá, áhin hazár márán.
Piá piáre mil já á ke, meri ján labán te ái.
Ná kol dor mere, mutthi hán tere piárán.
Moi noon már náhin, mainoon bhulá toon náhin.
Kar yád mehrán de sáin, vasso ambar bahárán.
Ik vár kulli meri vich, baith karo gallán.
Jind ján taithon várán, dam dam main nissárán.
Ai piá dár chháti, tudh bájh firán chapáti.
Gae mod munh maithon, modin kadin muhárán.
Zulfán tamám khullhián, chashmán hameshá dullhián.
Ai biná piáre tere bhullián tamám kárán.
Ik vár vich hayáti, láeá aee ná nál chháti.
Lagge ishq damádam káti, kite zakhm hazárán.
Dere lagá piáre, baithon Beás kináre.
Ae piá bájh tusáde, jindadi talakh guzárán.
Oh Beás kináre jánee, kiti use deeváni.
Ho challi ján fáni, bájhon deedár áhán.
Piáre pilá de piálá, hove visál terá.
Máhi hijar lagáeá, áhin hazár márán.

P- 36

I'm neither beautiful nor 've any merit, how can I please the Beloved?
I've no strength in my heart, how can I embrace my Beloved?
There is no enthusiasm nor love in my heart for the Master.
I've no longing and no intense love, how can I please my Master?
O Friends, ye call me unfortunate, I'm not in love with Lord.
I'm clumsy and my actions're evil, how can I attract the Lord?
I'm restive, nights are restless, I have to sleep without the Beloved.
Pray, show me a spark of love which I eagerly long for, O Beloved.
Then I 'll see nothing right or left, up or down, in or out except the Master.
Alas! My fate is such as doth not attract the Beloved Master.

P- 37

O Beloved! Let me drink a cup of spiritual wine, so that I may merge in Thee.
The separation from the Master, hath inflicted thousands of wounds upon me.
O Beloved! Come to meet me, my life is ebbing every movement without Thee.
I'm totally absorbed in Thy love, I've no other source to reach Thee.
Pray, don't kill me nor Ye forget this slave of Thine.
O treasure of Compassion! Shower Thy rain on me.
Please come to my hut even once, stay here and talk to me.
I'll sacrifice my body and soul, time and again I pray to Thee.
O Beloved! hasten to me, I'm roaming about aimlessly without Thee.
Ye've turned Thy back, pray now turn Thy face to me.
My tresses are scattered and my eyes are constantly raining.
O Beloved! I've forgotten each and everything without Thee.
Ye've never hugged me even once during my entire life.
The scissors of intense love hath inflicted thousands of wounds upon me.
O Beloved! Ye've built Thy residence on the bank of river Beas.
My Master, I'm dragging my life with great trouble without Thee.
O the Domicile of Beas! Ye've made me insane.
Without Thy glimpse the breath of life is leaving me.
O Beloved! Let me drink a cup of spiritual wine so that I may merge in Thee.
The separation from the Master hath inflicted thousands of wounds upon me.

P-38

Pás piá de jáve koi, ákhe main us vári.
Sir thin pairán táin, teri bándi ishq ne sádi.
Je ákhen tán preetam piáre, dil dá hál sunáván.
Gujjhe dard firákán vále, záhir kar dikhlánván.
Sákhi hai dil dil dá, dassán ki main piáre.
Záhir kar ke ákhan di, kujh hájat nahin piáre.
Jo kujh guzri dil mere te, kholsán áeen piáre.
Gam dukh ápne tere agge, khol sunáván sáre.
Laggi preet ná tutte kad hi, tutte tán laggi ná jáne.
Laggdi tuttdi vass ná mere, hatth preetam de jáne.
Keval tere hukm dá pálan, kitá main dil jáni.
Káran chupp karan dá sajjná, hor ná koi jáni.
Bháven dukkh ghanere hoe, dil nahin seh sakeá.
Adooli hukm tusán di piáre, main nahin kar sakeá.
Ájiz ján gamán thin ho ke, kiti Rám duhái.
Dar 'Sáwan' de kar kar arzán, khair khat di pái.

P-39

Piá tashrif garib de vall, koi tán chá farmáo-chhod ná jáo.
Preet puráni táin dilbar, dil thin ná bhuláo-feá páo.
Ján láie tán tod nibháie, yári pál dikháo-hass buláo.
Shafqat nál 'Jamál' noon piáre, kadi tán á gal láo – ná tarsáo.

P -38

Should any one go to the Beloved, tell Him that I've sacrificed everything.
The intense love hath burnt me from toes to head.
O Beloved! I want to expose the secrets of my heart unto Thee.
The miseries remained hidden till now, I intend to convey to Thy stead.
O Master! Thou art omniscient what should I tell?
My dear Friend! There is no need to reveal anything to Thee.
I'd like to expose and elaborate all tales of woes and miseries,
And whatever misfortunes have befallen on me.
The string of love which bindth me to Thee will never snap,
If it doth, it's not true love, but it lies in hands of Thee.
There is no other reason for my keeping silent,
O Beloved! I've carried out whatever was commanded to me.
Although innumerable miseries befell and I could not bear,
Yet Thy orders weren't ever disobeyed by me.
I, being steeped in miseries, cried out to Thee.
I prayed to 'Sawan' to shower grace and mercy on me.

P- 39

O Beloved! Come to this poor one,
Show some affection and leave me not.
Pray, do not forget the old acquaintance,
Come at once and forget me not.
If ye've made me Thine, let the relation be immortal,
O Master! Call me smilingly.
Cast a look of mercy and grace on me,
O Beloved! Don't torment but hug me lovingly.

P-40

Preetam ávsi ni sayyo ajj merá,
Charan chúm ke sees nivávsán main.
Shukr shukr karsán us ghadi utton,
Jis ghádi akkhán nál vekhsán main.
Merá us de bájh ná hor koi,
Charan chum chum ke akkhán te lávsán main.
Tere jehá ná jagg te hor disse,
Kitthe já ke hál sunávsán main.
Mere dardiá ve mainoon mil chhetti,
Tere bájh ro ro mar jávsán main.
Bájh piáreán de merá jeen khotá,
Piá bájh hun hál vanjhánvsán main.
Lokin ákhde ne preetam áe geá,
Main aje tatti ná vekheá nál akkhin.
Kehdá din hosi charnán nál lási,
Preetam rajj ná vekheá mool akkhin.
Main te aiven hi umar vihá chhaddi,
Piá bájh nikárdi hoe rahi hán.
Preetam je áve charnán nál láve,
Main charnán us deán di hoe khák rahi hán.

P -40

O Friends! My Beloved is coming today,
I'll kiss His feet and prostrate before Him.
I'll be grateful for that moment,
When my eyes shall see Him.
I, kissing His feet, shall touch them with my eyes,
Because none else is mine save Him.
To whom shall I tell my pathetic tale?
For in this world there is none like Him.
O sympathizer! Come to see me at once,
I'm going to die weeping without Thee.
Without the Beloved it is very difficult to live,
To whom shall I expose my heart but Thee.
People say that the Beloved hath come,
But this poor one hath not still seen Him.
O God! Which will be the auspicious day He'll embrace me.
My eyes aren't satiated to behold Him.
I've just wasted away my life,
I'm utterly rejected without Him.
If the Beloved comes and hugs me,
I'll become dust of His feet and slave of Him.

P-41

Preetam ji kiyoon tarsánde ho.
Prem tisáe asin bhajj bhajj áie te aggon chhup-chhup jánde ho.
Preetam ji kiyoon tarsánde ho.
Nain ladá ke jind adá ke, seene prem mavátá lá ke.
Ishq dikhá ke dhruván pá ke, hun kiyoon akkh churánde ho.
Preetam ji kiyoon tarsánde ho.
Vas geá jigar teer adeálá, putt khadná hun nahin sukhálá.
Chumbak lohe noon dikhlá ke, ápná áp bachánde ho.
Preetam ji kiyoon tarsánde ho.
Parde noon hun pare hatáo, bhar galvakdi thandak páo.
Darshan de ke tapat bujháo, keyon dhttheán noon dhánde ho.
Preetam ji kiyoon tarsánde ho.

P-42

Preetam ji tusin hardam, merián akkhián de vich vassde ho.
Sohni shakal nooráni masti, váng fullán de hassde ho.
Birhon kutthi lutti dá dil, keyon hardam khassde ho.
Preetam áo des asáde, mere tan man de vich vassde ho.

P-43

Puchhdi firán sayyo main, nit nit nisháni us dilbar di.
Jis ne lutt khadeá dil merá, dasseo main us dilbar di.
Tusin sohág máno ral sayyo, karao mehar dilbar di.
Bájh tuháde puchhán main kis noon, manzil us dilbar di.
Pás piá de já ke koi, ákhe tere dar ái.
Ján us di vich udikán, mud hai labán te ai.

P- 41

O Beloved! Why! do Ye torment me?
Having thirst for Thy glimpse, I come running, but Ye conceal Thyself.
O Beloved! Why do Ye torment me?
Having put my life on nails and set fire to my heart,
Having shown Thy dragging love, why do Ye now recede.
O Beloved! Why do Ye torment me?
A thorny arrow hath pierced my heart, it's difficult to dig it out.
As magnet attracts iron, why do Ye now go out and out.
O Beloved! Why do Ye torment me?
Please draw the curtain aside, do embrace and pacify me.
Give me Thy glimpse and remove heat, I'm demolished but still Ye nullify me.
O Beloved! Why do Ye torment me?

P- 42

O Beloved! Ye have made Thy permanent abode in my eyes.
Thy countenance is fascinating and radiant, Ye laugh like flowers.
I'm tormented by Thy love, why do Ye snatch my heart?
O Beloved! Come to my country, Ye reside in all my pores.

P -43

O Friends! Tell me, what is the identity of the Beloved?
The one who hath stolen my heart, tell Him that I'm of that Beloved.
My friends, ye, being lucky, enjoy nuptial song of Thy Beloved.
Except for ye whom should I ask the destination of the Beloved.
Someone of the many go and tell Him that I've reached the door of the Beloved.
Although I'm on the verge of death, Yet I'm waiting for the Beloved.

P-44

Prem piá dá záhir, bátin chhupe ná mere bhái.
Tánghán már báhar noon áve, andar sijjdá náhin.
Ajehi beqarári hoi, sau sau áhin márán.
Dard mere dá dároo náhin, kikan waqt guzárán.
Háe kade je es khiálon, chhutte zindadi meri.
Eh vi vass mere kujh náhin, dor tere hatth pakdi.
Dil mere te lále vángoon, uggeá dág hijar dá.
Kikan vekh sakán hun tainoon, vas ná koi challdá.
Tere vallon satgur piáre, chitt ná hargiz jáve.
Tere jehá mere táin, koi nazar ná áve.
Dil doori vich teri, hardam kardá beqarári.
Soorat nazar ná áve teri, meri giriá jári.
Vákif koi dil dá náhin, kis noon hál sunáván.
Hál behál hoi deeváni, ro ro tainoon pukárán.
Lakkh hazár khiál dil vich, dard máhi dá liáve.
Váng angárán bhad bhad baldá, teri khabar ná áve.
Soz firák bhadke dil andar, merá hor koi náhin.
Rát divas qarár ná áve, sunin pukár gusáin.
Dil vich gujjhe dard hazárán, kis noon kook sunáván.
Kis noon fol dassán dil apná, sun Sáwan merián áhán.

P- 44

The love for the Beloved cannot ever remain concealed,
It bursts out and can never be within contained.
I'm so restless that I heave hundreds of sighs,
How can I spend time when there is no remedy for my maladies?
O if I could leave my life cherishing such a flight,
But nothing is within my power, in Thy hands is the string of kite.
In my heart hath appeared a scan of separation from Thee,
I'm quite helpless and hapless, how can Ye be beheld by me?
My mind is ever hankering after Thee, my Lord,
I do not see anyone else like Thee, my God.
My mind is ever restive, O Master, in Thy separation,
I do not see Thy countenance and tears flow in Thy contemplation.
To whom should I express my heart, there no knower,
I've turned mad in love and 've become Thy caller.
There are myriad of thoughts in my mind yearning for the Beloved,
I'm constantly burning like ember, but still no news from the Beloved.
The pangs of separation are raging, I've none except the Master,
I'm neither at peace during day nor at night, listen to me, O Master.
I've contained thousands of miseries in my heart, to whom should I tell?
O Beloved, listen to my pathetic tales, to whom else can I tell?

P-45

Bájhon tere piá piáre, hairán hoeá dil merá.
Á ik vári mukh dikhá já, pávin fir toon ferá.
Muddtán hoián sikkán sikkde, dil khusse hun merá.
Vichch hijar vichhode kad tak, rehsi dukhi rooh merá.
Duniá jahán te dil de dardi, á sajjná main vári.
Koi ná vákif ráz dile dá, hoi hán bohat khuári.
Hae afsos ná reham rehá, dil tere mere táin.
Kaun iláj kare hun merá, bájh tere hun sáin.
Dil te jindadi ghol ghumáván, ishq máhi de ráhe.
Dard tusáde bájhon piáre, dil mere kujh ná bháve.
Marne tikan dard terá hi, rehsi is dil táin.
Dardi dil dá preetam piárá, hor disse ná mujh táin.
Sáwan bájhon tere hun, full kandeán váng diss ávan.
Husn bahár teri noon pá ke, hor rang ná dil noon bhávan.

P-46

Meghá vassin toon bháge bhareá, tudh ujde des basáe.
Bhalke fir vassin jhadh aiven, merá piá pardes ná jáe.
Kadon sabab ajehe hon koi, kismat án miláe.
Piáre yár milan dián tánghán, fir vichhade kaun miláe.
Tan tuttadá man tapdá jáve, mainoon akkhin peed vekhan di.
Ikk pal sehan vichhodá bhári, kehi piá bán milan di.
Iho birad ibádat meri, tarsan jalan balan di.
Piáre hován vásal kadáin, jad fire daleel sajjan di.

P- 45

O my Beloved Master! My mind is perplexed without Thee.
Master, Come Thou come and show Thy radiant face to me.
I've been waiting for and my mind lamenting since long for Thee.
Without Thee all agonies 've befallen, how long can these be borne by me.
My friend come, Ye art the only sympathizer.
I'm restless and miserable, no one else is my heart's knower.
What a pity that Ye've now no compassion and mercy for me!
Who else is there to cure my maladies Beloved, without Thee?
I sacrifice body and soul for the sake of love for Beloved.
There is no one else in my heart without Thee, O my Beloved.
Thy love will remain in my mind to the last, O Friend.
I behold none else, Ye art the Beloved of my heart, O Friend.
The flowers are like thorns without Thee, O 'Sawan',
Having beheld Thy beautiful face, I like nothing, O 'Sawan'.

P- 46

Fall, O fortunate rain fall, ye've populated the depopulated place.
Ye also fall tomorrow, so that my Beloved could not go to other place.
May circumstances be such that I meet my Beloved?
I'm ever restless without Him, who'll lead me to the Beloved?
My body aches, mind burns and my eyes ever yearn for Him.
To bear separation even for a moment is very torturous without Him.
I'm lamenting, burning and yearning for the Beloved.
When shalt I meet Him? it's entirely the will of the Beloved.

P-47

Meri laggi ve preet noon nibhán váleá.
Jadon khadi gai heer, udon mandi si peed,
Á já bele vich majhián charán váleá.
Jalvá Yoosaf válá dass ke lutteá,
Vich Misar de Julaikhán noon rulán váleá.
Meri laggi ve preet noon nibhán váleá.

P-48

Mere preetmá preet de váliá ve, kadin devin chá daras deedár sáián.
Baithá káleje nág firák válá, darshan de ke karin nihál sáián.
Tainoon lod ná preetmá mool meri, main udeekdi hoi behál sáián.
Nazar mehar di karin is dásdi te, charnin ápne lavin lagá sáián.
Nibhadián preetián sárián preet andar, pá de daras deedár di khair sáián.
Merá toon ikko tainoon hor bohate, par karán ki hoi láchár sáián.
Challe vass merá je kujh preetmá ve, deván charnán andar sees vár sáián.
Main vekhán pai tainoon piár andar, mánán sejdi pai tere nál sáián.
Dunián dhandade aur kureetián ton, ái bhajj ke main tere darbár sáián.
Kamm jahán vále páunde vighan bohtá, premi birad terá karin pár sáián.
Ráh rabb de vich eh vighan páunde, inhán sáreán dá toon tiág kar de.
Eh kamm hun sullde prem andar, gali prem di ráh ton door karde.
Jál máeá ton sánoon chhudá rabbá, ikko ishq vále ráh te challie ji.
Dard hijar vále hor ná sahin hunde, já ápne máhi noon milie ji.
Páván daras te ho magan preet andar, dar yár dá khoob já mallie ji.
Lokin kehan changá bháven kehan mandá, shakal yár di noon já ke parasie ji.
Preetam mereá dassin insáf kehdá, kundi prem di pá chá khichchea aee.
Báhar dhandde duni de khoob páe, inhán andar khoob chá jakdeá aee.
Dil tarasdá máhi de daras táin, sharir dhandián andar chá jakdeá aee.
Darshan hon khullhe ná koi hor hove, kehi jind noon tusin chá kaddheá aee.

P- 47

O Beloved! Save the honour of my love for Thee.
When the soul was exiled, it felt a great deal of lamentation.
O Beloved! Save the honour…
Ye showed me Thy most beautiful and fascinating countenance.
Without Ye my soul is bearing constant depression.
O Beloved! Save the honour…

P- 48

O Beloved Master! Come Ye come and show me Thy glimpse.
Thy separation is consuming my heart, Ye assuage by Thy glimpse.
It's true that Ye need me not, but I ever wait for Thee.
Pray, cast Thy merciful glance and make me come close to Thee.
My love for Ye would remain intact, Ye also love me.
Ye've thousands of lovers but for me there's none but Ye.
If power were within me,
I'd have sacrificed my head for Thee.
I in love want to see Ye and would like to share Thy company.
Fleeing from all misdeeds of this world, I 've come to Thy company.
The worldly tasks bewilder me, take me across, my Beloved.
These stand in the way to God, remove all hurdles, O my Beloved.
These tasks are like thorns, pray, clear them from the path of love.
O God! Save me from the net of illusion, so that I tread only the path of love.
I no longer can bear separation, let me meet my Beloved.
I'll be contented and tranquil then, if I find the threshold of my Beloved.
People may call me pious or sinner, let me see the form of the Beloved.
What justice hath been done to me, having dragged with hook by the Beloved.
I've been caught up badly in the misdeeds of this world.
My heart longs for Thy glimpse but am helpless in the world.
I want only one thing that I may 've Thy glimpse to my heart's content.
I'm lamenting day in and day out, how can I satisfy my intent?

P-49

Mere máhi main moi muhár modeen, ban ke bál muátdá bál baithi.
Bhulli bhull bhulávde main bhulli, mar mar preet preetmá pál baithi.
Pand piár prem di pá modhe, pindo pind firdi piá piá boldi main.
Bhaundi firán bhanbiri de váng, bulbul full váng parbat foldi main.

P-50

Main tán birhá di agg vich sad rahi hán,
Ávin piáreá main qurbán jáván.
Mansoor vángoon damdam chadhán sooli,
Ján ghol sadke sau sau vár jáván.
Piá toon sádá dil lutt khadeá,
Mast almast tere geet gáván.
Bhull gae deen-dunin teri yád andar,
Mukkh vikhá ápná main nissár jáván.
Jind vich bháh baldi tere dekhne di,
Devin daras vári sau sau vár jáván.

P-51

Main rondi noon chhod sadáe, máre asin bedoshe.
Mutthi yár jigar vich mutthi, te main kutthi dilbar utte.
Piá bol munh main ghol ghatti, beh kol mere ghatt peerhá ve.
Tod muhabbat chhod ná jávin, tod chadhávin nehdá ve.
Nazar mehar di kar main utte, merá rahe udási jiadá ve.
Hár shingár 'Jamál' ná bháve, bhatth peá choodá beedá ve.

P- 49

O my Beloved! Turn to me, I'm burning in the fire of separation.
I've utterly gone astray and am dying in intense lamentation.
My love! Thou turn to me, I'm wandering everywhere calling to Thee.
I'm tottering like a butterfly and koeing like nightingale for Thee.

P -50

I'm burning in the fire of separation,
I sacrifice everything for Thee, come, O Beloved.
Like Mansoor I'm ready to accept gallows,
I make offering of my life for Thee, O Beloved.
O Master! Ye've fascinated my heart,
I'm totally absorbed in Thy love, O Beloved.
I've forgotten both the worlds in Thy remembrance,
Show me Thy face, I sacrifice for Thee, O Beloved.
I'm burning to see Thy radiant face,
Come and grant me Thy glimpse, O Beloved.

P- 51

Ye've forsaken me waiting and weeping, O Beloved.
I've been filled with Thy love, but 've sacrificed to Thee, O Beloved.
Pray, talk to me and sit by me, O Beloved.
Please forsake me not, but keep my love alive, O Beloved.
Cast Thy sight of grace, I remain ever sad, O Beloved.
'Jamaal' does't like any make up, it's furnace without Thee, O Beloved.

P-52

Main rondri kurlándi noon lai challe, koi meri sunadá ná.
Ápne ang kabile peárean ton lai challe, nakkon sáh vi ánvadá ná.
Koonj dár ton hai hun udd challi, koi á ke hun chhudánvadá ná.
Háe vatan ton main hun vichhad challi, mainoon koi vi mod liánvadá ná.
Nál sang sahelián mán maujan, ápná chitt main khoob parchánvadi sán.
Kadi bágán te behandeán náleán te, ápne lád main khoob ladánvadi sán.
Hareával di chádar noon tán damdam, ápne thoh mukám usárdi sán.
Aepar patá ki si bábal lai challsi, aiven jhooth pasáre pasárdi sán.
Lai challo ni rondri-dhondri noon, mere ang kabilre sabh chhod ke te.
Koi chajj áchár ná sikkheá main, háe bane ki is velde te.
Dáhdhi dar di mári tur challi, dáhdhi challi hán jind rol ke te.
Je odak noon sauhre jávná si, mool lánvadi chitt ná samajh ke te.
Eh vatan asádrá vatan náhin, ákhir jávná piá de des sayyo.
Kadi bhull ke nihon ná láo itthe, chhod jávná lakkh karod sayyo.
Dhoi devsi mát ná tát koi, sikkho piá de des de chajj sayyo.
Itthe rehná din do chár sáre, ákhir pá doli lai ján sayyo.
Iho zindgáni challi ho fáni, thode din rahe lád ladávne de.
Ghar bár te hor sák sain sáre, din thode mel milávne de.
Chitt chá toon suveán sávián ton, áe din tere itthon jávne de.
Khávná pivná hassná khedná sabh, rahe din thode rang machávne de.

P-53

Mainoon khuáb andar sohná Sáwan mileá, tur geá oh kar hairán mainoon.
Kehde des jáván us noon lor liáván, geá dass ná patá nishán mainoon.
Tatti vich kasoor zaroor haisi, táhion chhadd geá lál sultán mainoon.
Káfar hoi peáreá tuddh pichhe, táhne márdá jagg jahán mainoon.
Main takk rahi hán tere ráh valle, kadi á oe Sáwaná vástá ee.
Terá mukh dittheán meri bhukkh jáve, mukh dikháo Sáwaná vástá ee.
Main paee dras deedár noon tarasdi hán, ná tarsáo Sáwaná vástá ee.
Teri chál te mast 'Jamál' hoi, ferá páo Sáwaná vástá ee.

P -52

Nobody listens to me, they are weepingly taking me, O Beloved.
They are taking me out of worldly relations and beloved.
I'm going to leave my kith and kin, liberates me none of my well wisher.
Oh! I'm going to leave this world as none keeps me hither.
I used to make fun and frolic in the midst of my friends,
And enjoy visits to gardens and brooks with relatives and kids.
I used to build castles in the air in their company.
I did't know the fact that relation with them was temporary.
Take me away from this hearth and home weepingly and wailing.
I had learnt neither good manners nor etiquettes before leaving.
I'm utterly distressed and afraid as I've lost everything.
If I knew that I had to leave, I'd not hath attached my mind to anything.
This world is not ours, friends we have to leave for true home one day.
Be never attached to anything, we have to leave millions any way.
None will accompany ye, why don't ye learn proper dexterity?
Here we are to live for a few days, we've to leave ultimately.
We are to enjoy here for a shortwhile because this life is mortal.
These relations will not stand by us and this house is not our permanent stayal.
O friend! give up attachment for everything, ye are due to leave.
All laughing, eating, drinking, playing, ye 've to cold sighs heave.

P- 53

Ye appeared in my dream and left me waiting, O 'Sawan'.
I know not where to find Ye, nor do I know Thy abode, O 'Sawan'.
No doubt, I'm sinner, Ye've left me with here, O Master.
I've turned atheist for Thy sake, the worldlings taunt me, O Master.
I keep my gaze fixed on Thy path, do come to me, my Lord.
Thy glimpse satiates my hunger, show Thy countenance to me, my Lord.
I long for Thy glimpse, pray do not make me wait any more, O 'Sawan'.
I'm absorbed to see Thy gait, do come at once, O 'Sawan'.

P-54

Mainoon tarasdi noon kai baras guzre,
Tere daras deedár di bhukkhi hán main.
Pá ke piár mud geon visár máhi,
Lavin sár maindi dáhdhi akki hán main.
Kadi á peáreá lá seene,
Dekhán ráh te manntán sukhián main.
Hosi mel kad peáreá oe,
Tatti váng tandoor de dhukkhi hán main.

P-55

Ráteen supne andar sayyo, máhi daras dikháeá.
Ang chhuváeá rau bijli, vatt sáre larjá páeá.
Karámát di chhoh vich adio, ná jáná ras rabbi.
Zarrá zarrá jism mere dá, khich máhi tadfáeá.

P-56

Lám likhne kis tarhán shear chhaddán,
Dard yár dá seená sárdá ae.
Tan hi sade hoe niklde shear andron,
Gam din ráteen seená sárdá ae.
Jagg táhneán di parváh náhin,
Firák terá hi seená sárdá ae.
Jekar hass bolen, charnin lá laven,
Terá ki sajjná ghat jánvadá ae.
Meem moorakh de hatth ki ávná ae,
Asán rondeán din guzár jáne.
Likh likh ke shear firák vále,
kisse jod asán beshumár jáne.
Sánoon bhejeá rabb ne es khátar,
Eh dukkhde asán sahár jáne.

P- 54

I've been longing for Thee for many years,
I'm hungry for the glimpse of the Master.
Ye made me fall in Thy love and then forgot,
Pray come to enquire of my well-being, O Master.
Do come and hug me at once,
I'm constantly entreating and praying to Thee.
I'm ever burning like a furnace,
When will Ye come to meet me?

P- 55

In dream at night Ye showed me Thy glimpse, O Master.
When Ye touched me, a current of spirituality passed thru' me, O Master.
I'm totally absorbed in the miracle of Thy touch, O Lord.
Every pore of my body hath been fascinated by Thee, O Lord.

P 56

***Laam** How can I give up writing couplets,
The pain of Thy love burns my heart, O Master.
That's why burnt couplets come out of me,
Distress burns my heart day and night, O Master.
I care not for the taunts of the world,
This separation gnaws my heart, O Lord.
Be pleased and give me place at Thy lotus feet,
What will Ye lose if Ye do so, O Lord.
***Meem** Nothing will fall to the lot of stupid,
I'll spend days in weeping, O Beloved.
By writing couplets in separation,
I've expressed many a tale, O Beloved.
God hath sent me for this,
That I bear all these miseries, O Beloved.

* Letters in urdu language

Asin karde hán bhalá yá burá yáro,
Sáde dilán dián oh kartár jáne.
Noon naram dil asán dá rabb kitá,
Asin narmián vich tabáh ho gae.
Asin kise dá kujh vigádeá nahin,
Par lok dushman kháh-ma-kháh ho gae.
Koi puchhdá nahin sache dardián noon,
Jhoothe jhootheán de khair khwáh ho gae.
Udhar sajjnán dá dekho hál peáre,
Jhidkán den dáhdhe beparváh ho gae.
Háe váste pándeán umar guzri,
Mileá koi javáb ná yár vallon.
Ná hi deed hoi ná shaheed hoi hán,
Rahi main mehroom yárgár vallon.
Dhoi mile ná gai main do tarfon,
Nále yár vallon, nále sansár vallon.
Main tán boht hi akal dudá thakki,
Ján chhuttdi nahin ázár vallon.
Ain ilam dá padhná nek bohtá,
Par ishq di bát anokhdi ae.
Chand sooraj di roshni hai bohti,
Par piá di jhát anokhdi ae.
Mushklán hain hor boht jahán andar,
Par birhon di khich anokhdi ae.

P-57

Láván seene nál nisháni noon, karán yád jadon us jáni noon.
Ohle beh beh atthroo kerán, nále moti páván gáni noon.
Lámboo bal bal seene uthde, jadon dekhán husn javáni noon.
Ghar de mainoon chhibbián dende, nále háse karan deeváni noon.
Sajjanán tere independant mainoon, lávan bhág pae veeráni noon.

I know not, whatever I do is good or bad,
I'm ignorant, only God knows, O Beloved.
***Noon** God hath made my heart soft,
I have been ruined in softness, O Lord.
I have done nothing wrong to anybody,
Even then people have turned enemies, O Lord.
Nobody careth for the true sympathizers,
The false befriendth the false, O Lord.
Now see the plight of these lovers,
They are constantly chided and taunted, O Lord,
I've been praying all through,
But the Beloved sent no reply, O Lord.
Neither did I get His glimpse nor did I become martyr,
I'm utterly disappointed and hopelss, O Lord.
I got no shelter from any source,
Either from this world or the next, O Lord.
I 've taxed all my intellect and wisdom,
My life hath got no release from miseries, O Lord.
***Noon** no doubt the study of worldly knowledge is good,
But the knowledge of pure love is wonderful, O Friend.
Where is the doubt that the sun and the moon art luminous,
But the glance of Beloved is peerless, O Friend.
There art many other obstacles in this world,
But the fascination of intense love is wonderous, O Friend.

P -57

I hug Thy memento, when I remember Thee, O Master.
I shed tears sitting all alone and also string the beads, O Master.
When I see handsomeness and youth, my heart burns, O Master.
The householders taunt and laugh at me, O Master.
Thy blessings art sure to enhance my luck, O Master.

P-58

Vár ghattán main ápá us ton, jo yád piá di dasse.
Main ro ro jhadián láván Sáwan, oh sukhi sukhávin vasse.
Birhá merá te main birhá di, nitt prem tanáván kasse.
Nitt di khich máhi di ghundi, jod jáni nál rakkhe.

P-59

Váh váh tere taulie Sáwan, dil hulsáve te chham chham lávan.
Tainoon dhoondh kidhre ná páeá, taulián de vich nadrin áeá.
Dabb dabb seene nál lagáeá, váh váh tere taulie Sáwan.
Jion jion ghuttán tion tion maulán, tan man de vich khidián holán.
Vich prem de loon loon rolán, váh váh tere taulie Sáwan.
Vich judái teri dolán, taulie dekh mittrán noon bolán.
Ná lai jáo ján main rolán, váh váh tere taulie Sáwan.
Sádián kaun hun sune pukárán, main loon loon jindri taithon várán.
Lagg gale hoián bahárán, váh váh tere taulie Sáwan.
Bhág vadde kar hatth vich áe, seene ghutt ghutt asán lagáe.
Ákhir zulmi khass sadáe, váh váh tere taulie Sáwan.
Bhlá hoe us meet peáre, us de qadmán ton vi váre.
Jis taulián de deedár karáe, váh váh tere taulie Sáwan.

P-60

Váh váh yár nazárá terá.
Bhole bhole ne nain rangile, mukkhdá piára piára terá.
Dil noon dháras devo sáián, dooron dekh ishárá terá.
Ve mitthián mitthián ne gallán terián, te jhoothá jhoothá lárá terá.
Pá mainoon hun khair daras dá, ve main baithi mall duárá terá.
Ravhe slámat hardam sáián, oh barián válá chubárá terá.

P -58

Who inspires remembrance of the Beloved, I sacrifice for that friend,
I shower copious tears, O 'Sawan', and happily lives He.
Sadness of separation is mine and I'm for it which drags me ever,
With the look of love, He constantly attracts me.

P -59

How bliss-bestowing art Thy towels, O 'Sawan'!
I looked but did not find Thee; then Ye wert visible in the towel,
I hugged it again and again. How bliss-bestowing!
As I press it so I flourish and my mind and body bloom,
I'm intoxicated in love of Thine. How bliss-bestowing!
I wander in Thy separation, seeing Thy towels I told my friends,
Don't take them away. How bliss-bestowing!
Nobody listens to my lamentations, I sacrifice all for Thee,
When Ye hug me, I bloom. How bliss-bestowing!
Luckily I got these towels, I hugged them gently,
But then I lost hold of them. How bliss-bestowing!
Be ye ever happy, O friend, I sacrifice to thy feet,
Who showed me the towels. How bliss-bestowing!

P -60

How wonderful is Thy radiant scene!
How innocent art Thy eyes and how lovely Thy hair!
When I look to Thy beckoning, my heart become serene.
What a wonderful is…
How sweet art the words! but Ye make false promises.
Kindly grant me Thy glimpse, I'm waiting at Thy door for entrance.
What a wonderful is…
May Thy mansion having windows remain for eternity!
So that future generations for Thy teachings lean.

P-61

Ve mainoon dáhdhián piárián lagdián ne, nashedár terián meharbán akkhián.
Jamál ná gujjhián rehandián ne, kise nál jekar lad ján akkhián.
Sirf khwáhish mainoon tere vekhne di, ro-ro ke hál sunán akkhián.
'Jamál' noon gusse ná ho peáre, tainoon minntán nál mnán akkhián.

P-62

Sájan tere ápne kyon nain bharendi.
Oh taithon vakkh nahin kyon nánh vakhendi.
Preetam terá butt hai toon ján use di.
Oh harmandir sohná vich láj vasendi.
Toon preetam vich vas rahi pee pee kukendi.
Toon tán ik mik ho rahi kyon dukhre sehndi.
Á preetam á sajjná main teri hoi.
Tere sang main jivandi tain bájhon moi.
Preetam preetam kardi ni main ápe preetam hoi.
Bhed ná koi lakkh sake main ohá hoi.

P-63

Samajh kadi te maná abhimánián toon, es jagg te nahin hamesh rehná.
Koode rang tamáshe jahán vále, itthe kise nahin chaukdi már behná.
Bhái bhain te hor sák sain sáre, chhadd ján tainoon toon hi dukkh sehná.
Kar lai yád piáreá sajjnán di, aukhi bani utte jinhán hatth dená.
Jáni jagg sarán musáfarán di, itthe kise ná pair pasár behná.
Ganvá umar ná is di cháh andar, haumai kadi tán manon visár rehná.
Máyá nágni khá rahi sabhnán noon, upáa bachan dá santán di sharan painá.
Merio sayyo vekh ke chog chugná, máyá kág ne jál pasáreá ae.
Kadam kadam te soch vichár challná, fasná kadi ná kál burá márdá ae.
Kadi bhull ke nihon itthe lávná ná, hardam kooch nagárdá vajjdá ae.

P -61

How lovely, bewitching and graceful art Thy eyes!
This secret cannot remain a secret whom once see Thy eyes.
My only desire is to see Thee, all secrets art revealed by weeping eyes.
Pray, not be offended, I make requests through my eyes.

P-62

Why do Ye shed tears, O friend,
He is not separate from Thee.
Thy Beloved is Thy form and Ye His life,
That temple is beautiful wherein lives He.
Ye always live with the Beloved,
Why do Ye suffer when both are one - He and Ye.
O Beloved! Come I'm ever Thine,
I'll alive as long as I live with Thee.
Repeating Beloved, I myself have become Him,
No one can distinguish which one is He.

P- 63

O haughty mind! Think ye art not to stay here forever,
The fun and amusement of this world is false, ought is stable never.
All kith and kin will leave ye and thou shalt bear untold miseries,
Remember that friend, who will stand by thee in adversities.
This world is virtually an inn, no one will stay here for ever,
Remember thy Beloved and in worldly desires fritter away thy life never.
Do not revel in false pride, but give up this vain glory,
The illusion is a serpent that hath bitten all and sundry.
If ye want to protect thyself, take refuse with the Master,
My friends, peck at the bait carefully, a vast net hath been spread by hunter.

Challo challie piá de desh sayyo,
Dam dam ghadi ghadi váján márdá ae.
Munh mod kadi is jahán vallon,
Eh tán kood dá hai mukám sárá.
Kood koode nál ajehá rach rehá,
Bhull geá kartár jahán sárá.
Dasso dosti kare koi kis táin,
Fnáh dissdá zameen asmán sárá.
Fad lai ikko di sharan mastáneá oe,
Sáwan bájh hai hor asár sárá.

P-64

Sánoon máhi de mehane ná már,
Rabb kolon dar nee máe.
Dhur dargáhon palle peá,
Sohneán dá soobedár, Rabb kolon ...
Máhi merá murshid, máhi merá maulá,
Máhi ton jindari nissár, Rabb kolon ...
Pák preetán noon bhand ná amdie,
Akkhián ton pattián utár, Rabb kolon ...
Yárián di sár, kanvárián kee jánan,
Eh áshqi de hireán dá hál, Rabb kolon ...
Murshid nál preetán láián,
Jehdá Alláh noon deve dikhál, Rabb kolon ...

Take every step with caution, don't be caught up in this net,
Never attach thyself to anyting here, ye're to leave at last.
Let us go to the country of the Beloved, He is calling ye,
This world is false and trash, leave it and Him ye see.
The false hath attached to false and hath forgotten the Lord,
Who should be made friend when all is false except God.
Take refuse with the Master and stay happy for ever.
Without Whom all is transitory and will stay never.

P- 64

Be afraid of God, O mother! Do not reproach me.
He is the governor of all grandour and hath come down from Beyond.
Be afraid of God…
I sacrifice my life for my Beloved, who is the Master and Lord.
Be afraid of God…
Do not slander the true lover. Remove from Thy eyes the bond.
Be afraid of God…
The virgins can't know the mysteries of the wedded.
Be afraid of God …
I'm attached to the Master Lord, Who is capable of showing God.
Be afraid of God. ..

P-65

Sáwan terá nahin koi sáni,
Dhoondheá main vi dohin Jaháni, itná náz nahin karáidá,
Piá tere milan de káran, sau-sau heele karáidá.
Asin hai milná zaroor, laini tere charnán di dhood.
Pare door nahin hatáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Dunián sári hoi kood, hoi hán tere ishq vich choor.
Mukhdá sohná nahin chhupáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Láh ke láj lok di sári, hoi tere dar di sváli.
Gussá man nahin handháidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Terián chashmán di hán mári, sadán vich vichhode bhári.
Itni der nahin lagáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Dooron chall ái dar tere, páván jogan vále fere.
Nazar mehar di chá páidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Bháven changi bháven mandi, main tán dar tere di bandi.
Daron door nahin durkáridá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Gale lagg mere toon á ke, sohni ápni chhavi vikhá ke.
Ápne birad noon sambhálidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Jalvá nainán dá chamká ke, rangili tor ápni dikhlá ke.
Mere andar thand páidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Ná ja door hun toon nass ke, vekhin mere vall hass hass ke.
Dere mere andar láidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Gharán bárán noon agg láván, sák sain sabbhe te jáván.
Alkhán dar tere jagáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Á á Sáwan meet piáre, jind te ján tere ton váre.
Mere tan man vich vasáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Toon toon kardi toon ho jáván, hor ná dooji nazarin áván.
Pardá dui dá mitáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Terián názán ne lutt khareá, ilam akal dá jhuggá sadeá.
Sohni ápni chhavi vikháidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Tainoon vekh vekh pai jeeván, zakhm judái de pai seeván.
Dilon door nahin karáidá, piá tere milan de káran ...
Vichhud tere ton mar jásán, ná kar door ápneán dásán.
Hádhe dáhdhe nahi kadháidá, piá tere milan de káran.

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In order to meet Thee, I've made many efforts, O 'Sawan'.
I've searched both the worlds, Ye art peerless, O Master.
I've to meet Thee and take dust of Thy feet, O Master.
Pray, do not push me away. In order to meet Thee…
For me this world is false, I'm absorbed in Thy love, O Master.
Pray, do not hide Thy face. In order to meet Thee…
I've given up all shame of the world and 've come to Thy door, O Master.
Pray, do not get offended. In order to meet Thee…
Thy eyes 've fascinated me and I suffer in Thy separation, O Master.
Pray do not delay. In order to meet Thee…
I've come to Thy door from afar and make frequent visits, O Master.
Pray, cast Thy glance of grace. In order to meet Thee…
Whether good or bad, I'm Thy lowest slave, O Master.
Pray do not condemn. In order to meet Thee…
Please hug me and show Thy resplendent face, O Master.
Be Thou honor-bound. In order to meet Thee…
Kindly show Thy brilliant eyes and beautiful gait, O Master.
Pray, make me cool. In order to meet Thee…
Please do not run away, but look at me smilingly, O Master.
Pray, reside within me. In order to meet Thee…
I set home and hearth on fire and leave all kith and kin, O Master.
I ever beg at Thy feet. In order to meet Thee…
I'll sacrifice my life and soul, if Ye come to me, O Master.
Pray, live in my body and mind. In order to meet Thee…
By calling Thee, may I became Thine and see none other , O Master.
Pray, remove the curtain of duality. In order to meet Thee…
I'm absorbed in Thy coquetry and 've lost all sense , O Master.
Pray, show me Thy radiant form. In order to meet Thee…
I live by seeing Thee and stich the wounds of separation , O Master.
Pray, do not forget me. In order to meet Thee…
I'll die in Thy separation, don't send Thy slave away , O Master.
Please don't leave in lamentation. In order to meet Thee.

P-66

Simran máhi dá kar kar sadá, ajehá samán ban áeá.
Vángoon sheer shakkr de peáre, loon loon ras chuváeá.
Yád us di ne ján meri vich, ajehá rang chadháeá,
Ohi oh disse har páse, sabh pardá door hatáeá.
Lokin ákhan yád piá vich, ho jási deeváná.
Ki jánán oh lok vicháre, asán páeá yár pagáná.
Muddtán ton dil cháhe merá, chúmmá mukkh dilbar dá.
Dil di cháh hun poori hoi, rajj piván jám vasal dá.
Luk luk parde andar rakkhdá si, mukhdá ápná noori.
Hatá ke pardá záhir hoeá, chhadd ke rishmán noori.
Hijar firákán ján meri noon, már mukáeá á ke.
Noori mukhdá dasseá ápná, itná soz vikhá ke.
Cháhundá si dil dilbar di, mile nisháni kadáin.
Nishán dhoondhdi khudi ganvái, ban baithi khud sáin.

P-67

Sir sir báji ishq majáji, nále ishq hakáni.
Mil piáre, noon jo sukh páeá, kis noon ákh sunáván main.
Prem piálá dilbar válá, pee ke mast kaháván main.
Jeon káman kante noon mil ke, ki gall kare zabáni.
Sir sir báji ishq majáji ...
Mileá murshid maulá á, mileá jeon gehná sohná ni.
Ápná áp lakkheá jeon supná, mit geá jag dá roná ni.
'Kirpál Singh' ápe nar nári, ápe lehrán páni ni.
Sir sir báji ishq majáji ...

P-66

By repeating the name of Beloved, I've reached such a stage,
Every pore of mine oozes out sweet nectar, O Lord.
His remembrance hath coloured in such a hue,
The curtain of duality stands drawn aside and I see only Thee, O Lord.
People say that I turnth a lunatic in Thy remembrance,
But I've found my intoxicating Beloved, these people know not, O Lord.
Since pretty long time, my mind wanted to touch Thy face,
Now this desire standth fulfilled by taking huge wine of meeting, O Lord.
Ye used to hide Thy radiant face behind the curtain,
Now Ye've drawn curtain aside and showed Thy resplendent face, O Lord.
Separation from Thee hath virtually taken away life from my body,
But now Ye've revealed Thy splendid countenance , O Lord.
My heart ever desired to get a memento from the Beloved,
Looking for Thy memento, I lost my ego and merged in Thee, O Lord.

P-67

Now I've played the stake of physical and spiritual love.
To whom should I tell the ecstasy that I found by meeting the Beloved?
I'm totally absorbed by drinking from the bowl of love of the Beloved.
How can a newly wedded express herself to others after meeting her Beloved?
Now I've played the stake of love.
Like a beautiful golden ornament, I've found my Master.
I realized myself and this world looked like a dream without Master.
'Kirpal Singh', He is Himself male and female, water and wave, such is my Master.
Now I've played the stake of love.

P-68

Hádh hairáni lagg rahi, piá biná nahin chain.
Piárá nazar ná ánvadá, rován din bhar rain.
Hadh hoi hairán, chale mere prán, lagá kar bán judái válá.
Kisi chanchalhári de nál piá matválá.

Sáwan shukr guzársán, je ghar ávan áp.
Sakhio ápne piá dá, karán main nis din jáp.
Sáwan karán main shor, chale nahin zor,
Piá mere chor, gae chitt churá ke.
Sakhi tur gae mere lál, mujhe tadfá ke.
Main rován din bhar rain, áe nahin chain, barsade nain,
Rován main zári, karán main gári.
Tum dekho merá hál áe banvári,
Tere daras di lag rahi bhookh, dittá tan fook,
Ho gai chook, baith pachhtáti,
Sakhi tur gae mere lál már kar káti.

Bhádron bhámbad bal utthan, koi ná jándi pesh.
Piá mujhe ghar chhod kar, baithe já pardes.
Chadhde bhádron ján ghabrái, piá judái sahi ná jái.
Main khadi pukárán.
Mainoon mil jáe merá lál, main tan man várán.
Main har dam karán pukár, lavo meri sár, mere dildár,
Kyon mujhe bhuláeá.
Mohe le chal ápne nál, merá chitt cháeá.
Nainon se challeá neer, kaleje peed, bandhá too dheer,
Yahi main cháhti.
Sakhi tur gae mere lál, már kar káti.

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Indian months

HARH (Mid June to mid July)

In Harh, I'm utterly bewildered without the Beloved.
I'm weeping round the clock as I don't see the Beloved.
I'm depressed and dying as the arrow of separation hath pierced me.
My Beloved is fond of some lovely soul and not of me.

SAWAN (Mid July to mid Aug)

In Sawan, If He comes to my house, I'll thank my Beloved.
I keep meditating day and night on the name of the Beloved.
I'm helpless even though I clamour to meet the Master.
Ye art a clever thief, my heart Ye stole and left, O Master.
My eyes art shedding tears day and night without Thee.
Ye come and see my condition, I'm ever longing for Thee.
My body hath burnt, I'm repenting, I must 've offended Thee.
O friends, my Master hath pierced my heart and left me.

BHADRON (Mid Aug. to Mid Sept.)

In Bhadron, I'm burning in the pangs of separation,
Leaving me in this world, Ye've left for real Home, O Master.
I, being perplexed, am calling out to Thee,
I cannot bear this separation any more, O Beloved Master.
I'll sacrifice my body and mind,
If Ye come to meet me, O Beloved.
I ever beseech Thee to meet me at once,
And take stock of deplorable plight, O Beloved.
Why have Ye forgotten me?
Pray, take me with Thee, O Master.
My eyes are pouring and heart aching,
Pray, reach and console me, O Master.

Assoo baith ekánt main rován záro zár.
Tere pichhe preetmá, chhod diá gharbár.
Assoo main hoi udás, piá nahin pás,
Tadap rahi lásh, kant nahin áeá.
Ni main rován baith ekánt, jee ghabráeá.
Ajj á kar ho sahái, mere raghurái,
Teri judái, sahi ná játi.
Sakhi tur gae mere lál, már kar káti.

Kattak karam jo likh rahe, koi ná metanhár.
Piárá nazar ná ánvadá, jis de nál piár.
Kattak mein tadafe jiá, pás nahin piá,
Moh man liá, piá murári.
Mujhe ákar kabhi dikhá, shakal vo piári.
Main ro ro hoi murdár, mere sardár, karo kuchh sár,
Keyon chitt ukáeá.
Sakhi piá gae pardes, Jiá ghabráeá.
Meri lagi kaleje kadak.
Hoá rang zarad badá hai dard, bhadak rahi chháti.
Sakhi tur gae mere lál, már kar káti.

Magghar man noon vas kar, dil mein bándhoon dheer.
Jadon yád piá ánvade, chale nainon se neer.
Piá bin hoi faqir, buri taqdeer,
Nainon se neer, sayyo hai jári.
Ki hoi meri taqseer, mere prán ádhári.
Sayyán sabh kar rahián chain, piá sang rain,
Taras rahe nain, bohat dukh páe.
Hoi itni der, piá nahin áe.
Tere hijar ne dittá cheer, kaleje peer,
Bandhá toon dheer, koi nahin sáthi.
Sakhi tur gae mere lál, már kar káti.

ASSOO (Mid Sept. to Mid Oct.)
In Assoo, sitting in solitude, I'm shedding tears,
And 've left hearth and home, O Beloved.
I'm sad and ever lamenting,
Because Ye art not with me, O Beloved.
Come Ye at once for my rescue,
I cannot bear any more separation, O Master.
O friend having pierced me with spear,
Me left and forsaken my Master.

KATTAK (Mid Oct. to Mid Nov.)
In Kattak, actions committed can never be erased.
With whom I've fallen in love, I do not see that Beloved.
My soul is writhing because the one,
Who hath stolen my heart is not with me, O Beloved.
O come and show me Thy lovely countenance,
Constantly weeping I've become dead, O Master.
Come and enquire of my deplorable plight,
My heart is ever restless, O Master.
O friend! I'm depressed and my heart burning,
My colour hath turned pale, O Beloved.
I'm waiting and lamenting ceaselessly,
O friends! Having pierced me, hath left my Beloved.

MAGGHAR (Mid Nov. to Mid Dev.)
In Magghar, I control my mind and keep patience in heart,
But tears roll down helplessly when I remember the Master.
My future hath turned ill and eyes are filled with tears,
I've become destitute without Thee O Master.
What offence 've I done? I've suffered a lot,
My friends art making fun and frolic with the Beloved.
For me He hath not come even after such a long time,
Thy separation hath torn and troubled my heart, O Beloved.
Ye come and bestow peace and serenity upon me,
Friends! Having pieced my heart the Beloved hath left me.

Poh maheená chadh peá, te pále pahunche án.
Tere pichhe piáreá, chhodea sabh jahán.
Ajj poh sarad rut ái, teri judái,
Sahi nahin játi, rován din rátin.
Main kyonkar piá gumán, baith pachhtáti,
Main rován baith ekánt, pás nahin kant,
Jiá aur jant, sabhi sukh páven,
Mohe nazar ná áve lál, jiá ghabráve.

P-69

Háe sutteán beet gai umar teri,
Jág jág kude pachhotánvasen toon.
Ghun lagg geá charke rangle noon,
Je puchhan tán ki vakhánvasen toon.
Ni kant khafá hosi ghar jándri noon,
Je ná katt ke nál laijánvasen toon.
Munh kálie te karmán hárie ni,
Pai rovasen te kurlánvasen toon.
Háe sabar tainoon keekan ánvadá ni,
Toon akkhián meet keyon chhaddián ne.
Teri ján akeldi safar lammá,
Vich ráh museebtán vaddián ne.
Upar ghát de pakad mehsool vále,
Már choor kar suttde haddián ne.
Tesá pakad ke váng shudáián de,
Jadán ápnián áp toon vadhián ne.
Háe lod hai jinhán ghar vassane di,
Kadon kant vallon gáfal hondián ne.
Jinhán sikk hai kant de vekhne di,
Chole dág vále paián dhondián ne.

POH (Mid Dec. to Mid Jan.)
In Poh, the severe cold hath set in,
I've left this world for Thy sake, O Master.
I weep day in and day out,
Because I cannot bear separation, O Master.
I'm repenting and bewailing in solitude,
Because I'm separated from Thee, O Beloved.
All creatures art rolling in happiness,
But I'm depressed because I do not behold my Beloved.

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O soul! Ye will've to repent,
As the whole life hath been frittered away by thee.
Weevils 've eaten into thy spinning wheel,
What befitting answer will be given by thee?
Thy husband(God) will get offended,
If nothing is spun and taken there by ye.
O Black faced and unfortunate one!
There 'll be nothing but weeping and lamenting by ye,
How can ye 've patience?
And how eyes 've been closed by thee?
There are many hurdles on the way,
And journey 'ill 've to be undertaken all alone by thee.
The tax collector wilt torment thee,
If octroi tax is not paid by ye.
Like a madman taking axe in hands,
Thine own roots 've been cut by ye.
If ye are keen on living with thy Beloved,
Why the union is delayed by Thee?
If ye long to see thy Beloved,
Why the stains on thy gown are not washed by thee?

Utte sej us sáin di chadhan khátar,
Paián gund ke hár parondián ne.
Karmán hárie te matválie ni,
Sári umar tere jehián rondián ne.

P-70

Hun tán piáreá eho hai arz meri,
Taindrá prem kamál hove.
Jeeván jadon teekan rahe shauq terá,
Mardi vár terá prem nál hove.
Toon hi toon kardi niklán deh vichon,
Koi hor ná veham khayál hove.
Rahe baqi hor ná mang koi,
Hásal taindrá jadon jamál hove.
Hun kaun garibán de dukh vande,
Rabbá bájh tere madadgár koi ná.
Jehdá yár meharam mainthon judá hoeá,
Baneá vakat aukhá rehá yár koi ná.
Dassán dil dá hál já fol kis noon,
Kardá ajj merá itbár koi ná.
Jadon din ulte ávan sajjná oe,
Banadá tadon mud ke vákafkár koi ná.

Futkal

Yád piá di dil de andar, te main badi luká ke rakkhán.
Par jadon yád uchhále máre, chhalak paindián akkhán.

For the sake of ascending the bedstead of Beloved,
Why garlands art not prepared by ye?
All with evil deeds and slothful attitude,
Repent their whole life without Beloved like thee.

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May the wonderful love abide in me O Beloved!
May I long for Thee till I live and at death Thy love remain with me O Beloved!
May I breathe my last remembering ye and no other thought assail me, O Master
May I've no other wish except for thy glimpse, O Master
May Thy intense love abide in me, O Beloved!
May I long for Thee till I live and at death Thy love remains with me, O Beloved!
May I breathe my last remembering Ye and no other thought assail me, O Master!
May I,ve no other wish expect for Thy glimpse ,O Master!
Who else can share the miseries of the poor except Thee, O Lord!
When adversity befell me, all friends forsook me, O Lord.
To whom should I reveal my inner plight, none believe, O Beloved.
When the adverse circumstances assail, no acquaintance avails, O Beloved.

Misc.

I keep concealed in my heart Thy remembrance, O Master.
Eyes start pouring tears when the waves surge up, of Thy remembrance, O Master.

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LIST OF OTHER PUBLICATIONS

BY

KIRPAL RUHANI SATSANG SABHA (BHABAT)
CHANDIGARH, INDIA

1.	KIRPAL VANI (Prose & Verse)	Hindi
2.	KIRPAL DAYA KE SAJEEV SAGAR (Question Answers during Aug. 1974)	Hindi
3.	JEEVAN CHARITTAR SANT KIRPAL SINGH (In His own words)	Hindi
4.	AADARSH SHIKSHAYEN (VOL. 1) (Hindi Translation of Teachings of Kirpal Singh)	Hindi
5.	AADARSH SHIKSHAYEN (VOL. 2) (Hindi Translation of Teachings of Kirpal Singh)	Hindi

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